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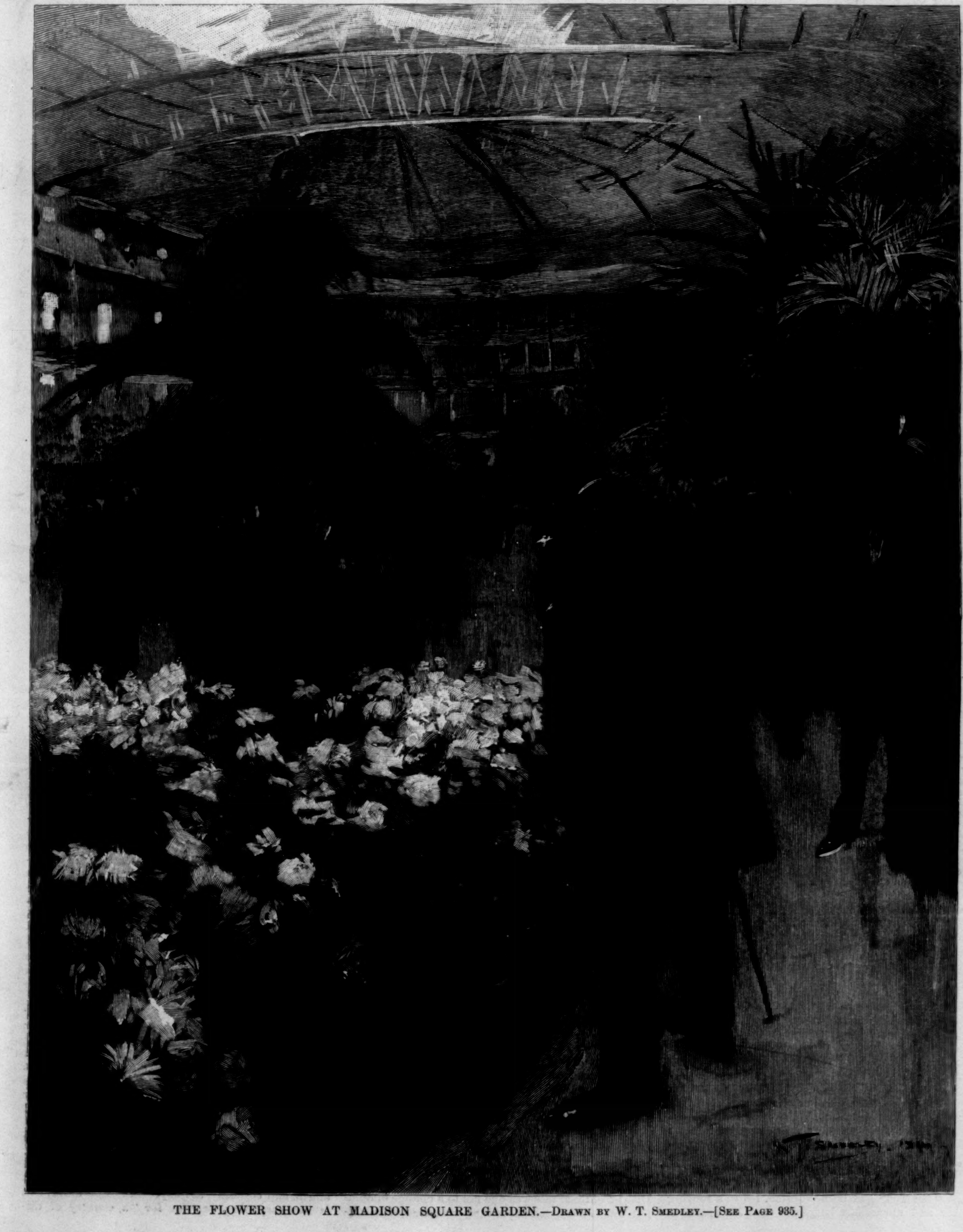

THE FLOWER SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 935.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Christmas Number.

PROMINENT among the attractions offered in this number are Edwin A. Abbey's illustrations of Shakespeare's comedy **"As You Like It,"** accompanied with comment by Andrew Lang, and including a frontispiece, printed in tints, entitled **"In the Forest."** Theodore Child, in an article copiously illustrated from paintings by D. G. Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and G. F. Watts, describes the interior of a famous **"Pre-Raphaelite Mansion"** in London. **"Japanese Women"** is the title of an entertaining article written by Pierre Loti, and illustrated from paintings by H. Humphrey Moore. **Charles Dudley Warner,** in "The Winter of Our Content," continues his series of interesting illustrated papers on **Southern California.** The fiction of the number includes **"A Christmas Present,"** by Paul Heyse, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; **"Flute and Violin,"** an old Kentucky story by James Lane Allen, with twenty illustrations by Howard Pyle; **"P'laski's Tunaments,"** by Thomas Nelson Page, illustrated by J. W. Alexander; **"Gibble Colt's Ducks,"** by Richard Malcolm Johnston, illustrated by A. B. Frost; **"Jim's Little Woman,"** by Sarah Orne Jewett; and **"A Speakin' Ghost,"** by Annie Trumbull Slosson. The Editorial Departments, too, have **a distinctive holiday flavor.**

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF A SERIAL BY THOMAS HARDY, ENTITLED "A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES."

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SIGNIFICANT EXPLANATIONS.

THERE was never so general an expression by party leaders after a general election that their defeat was due to the abuse known as the spoils system as has been recently made by Republican chiefs. We quoted last week the opinion of Mr. Houk, Republican Representative from Tennessee by a greatly reduced majority, that the result was explained by the distribution of the patronage. Senator Sherman—and there has been no stronger sceptic upon the subject—in a speech at Pittsburgh just before the election, said, doubtless forecasting defeat, that the patronage,

> "instead of being a strength to any party, is a weakness to any party, and upon that basis nearly all the public men who fall in public life by the way-side, fall by the exercise of patronage. I say to you now, if I had the power, I would not allow a member of Congress to recommend any man for any office whatever. I would take from your political agents all the power that is vested in them by custom, not by law. I would not even allow a member of Congress to recommend postmasters, because it is an element of weakness: it weakens the member of the House and Senator, and it makes a cause of constant trouble and quarrel, and I think the time will soon come—and the Republican party will be the agent in that great reform—when a law will be passed separating entirely the appointing power from the law-making power."

Mr. McKinley in the House last year said frankly that the party was pledged to nothing more than to this reform, and since the election he says that the defeat was to be ascribed in large part to the distribution of patronage. The other evening, at the opening of the new Republican club-house in Brooklyn, Mr. Warner Miller spoke with great warmth upon the subject. His speech was not reported in the New York papers, but it was very significant. He thinks the defeat was due to "greater causes" than the McKinley bill, and among them he mentioned this, "that the people of the country did not believe that the highest offices of this government should be meted out to the men who gave the largest contributions to the campaign fund." Not a single cheer for Wanamaker followed this remark. Mr. Miller added that "the men who are temporarily in charge of the party have learned a lesson." Nor was the observation ratified by cheers for the President or Mr. Platt. But a subsequent remark in the audience that "Me Too" had been defeated, led to a rousing cheer and uproarious laughter. Mr. Miller continued by saying that he could prove that every Congressional district lost in the election by the Republicans was lost by reason of quarrels over spoils. New York, he said, is as true to protection as ever, but it was lost by the attempt to distribute spoils.

It is, of course, the cue of Mr. Miller and all the advocates of the McKinley bill to attribute the Republican catastrophe to something else than that unhappy measure. But nevertheless there is a pleasant concord in this verdict of eminent Republicans upon the party results of patronage. The Republican party is in absolute possession of the government. With the exception of the classified service the whole power of the patronage has been prostituted, in the face of the most solemn pledges, to strengthen the party, and the party has sustained the greatest defeat in its history. If Messrs. Wanamaker and Clarkson had had twice as many post-offices with which to buy Republican support, the result would not have been changed, except that public disgust would have been stronger and the Republican defeat greater. What will these gentlemen do about it? There is a bill introduced in the House by Mr. Lodge at the last session designed to take the post-offices out of politics. Will Mr. McKinley, the leader of the House, support it, not perfunctorily, but with the zeal and ability with which he sustained his tariff bill? Will Senator Sherman, to vindicate his prophecy that the Republican party will be the agent of the great reform of lifting the post-offices out of the slough of politics, advocate, with all his force and influence, Mr. Lodge's bill? The spoils system invites the evil, which ex-Senator Miller most justly and hotly denounces, of giving the great places to those who furnish the most money for the election. Will Mr. Miller as earnestly sustain Mr. Lodge's post-office reform bill as he chastised the administration in his Brooklyn speech? Could the Republican party so well begin its great and indispensable work of recovering public confidence as by passing in its last session in the House the bill to take post-offices out of politics?

POLITICAL APPREHENSIONS.

THE late political revolution was so sweeping that a reaction of apprehension immediately followed. One who had aided the revolution by his vote remarked ruefully as he contemplated the result, "There are lots of holes between '90 and '92, and the Democratic party will be sure to fall into all of them." This forecast of the ability of that party to awaken the distrust of the country was based upon long experience, and in particular upon knowledge of its strong Bourbon element and its unsound financial proclivities. Its recent Congressional record upon the free coinage of silver, for instance, is not reassuring. The Senate passed the bill by a vote of 42 to 25. But of the minority only three were Democrats; and even Mr. Carlisle voted for the Plumb amendment which became the free coinage measure that was passed. The House rejected the Senate bill; but of its 135 votes for free coinage, only twenty were Republican, and of the 152 votes against it, only twenty-two were Democrats. The conclusion drawn from such figures by many observers is that a Democratic House would be a free silver coinage House, and that this tendency would be manifest in its general financial action.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the long and apparently immovable distrust of the Democratic party, which so long maintained Republican ascendency, was largely overcome by Mr. Cleveland's administration, and by the wise conservatism of his views. Before that administration, the result of the recent election would have seemed to a great multitude of intelligent citizens a serious menace to the country. But such apprehension as now exists is of a very different kind. The old gibe that Democratic administration would demonstrate Democratic incapacity for government now disappears, for if the people have any ability in judging incapacity, the result of the election demonstrates Republican government to be almost comically incapable. A party which by its course in administration could throw itself out of power in the popular House so completely should be very wary of sneers at incapacity. The true ground of apprehension is that the result of the election may be misinterpreted. Lord Salisbury says that it is a victory of free-trade. But his remark is as far from the fact as if he should call a victory of republicanism over despotism a victory of anarchy. Whatever the merits of free-trade, the popular rejection of the McKinley bill is no more the repudiation of protection than the lowering of a customs duty from fifty per cent. to twenty per cent.

One of the most imposing and agreeable results of the election was that in Pennsylvania. But it was in no sense whatever a Democratic victory; and Pennsylvania, having overthrown Quay, will vote for the protection candidate in 1892 more willingly than ever. In Massachusetts some of the Democratic majorities or pluralities were very small, and the election of a Democratic representative in the Eleventh District of that State was due not to a change of opinion, but to a Republican bolting candidate, who bolted on no political difference, but to revenge his failure to receive the regular nomination. Such facts as these point to the conclusion that the result was largely due to Republican disgust—the dissatisfaction of many voters who will yet greatly prefer to vote for a Republican candidate in 1892. It would be a stupendous blunder for tariff reformers to suppose that their victory in 1892 is already won. That victory will depend upon the candidate and upon Democratic conduct in the meantime.

THE LATE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

THE most striking aspect of the recent financial crisis was that a general catastrophe with most deplorable results was averted by a friendly union of controlling financial interests. The modern system of credits has made the whole monetary world more interdependent than ever. The embarrassment of one great house or institution is the peril of all. In New York when the trouble began it was evident that a ruinous panic would ensue unless prompt relief should appear in a form which would be at once and universally felt to be adequate to the occasion. Happily the relief appeared in the action of the Clearing House Committee. This amounted to a guarantee against threatening disaster, and apprehension was allayed. The momentary reaction that followed, arising from the embarrassment of the Barings, however, would probably have been overwhelming except for the fact that the definite news of their situation was accompanied by the assurance that substantially the same course which had been pursued in New York had been adopted in London, and the Bank of England and the great banking houses had combined to guarantee the obligations of the Barings.

The action was due, of course, to enlightened self-interest. There is no sentiment in business of this kind, and it is undoubtedly true that the financial powers which assisted the Barings were vitally interested in their rescue. But it is none the less interesting to know not only that this is the fact, but that it is so clearly seen that the relief is promptly yielded. If the rescue was timely, however, and its circumstances point to a method of action which may be no less serviceable, the reputed cause of the trouble is a startling commentary on the tendencies of modern financiering. The house of Barings was the one great house in the world in which there may be said to have been universal confidence. It was believed to unite in the highest degree English sagacity and conservatism in business. But the London press animadverts with great severity upon its apparent recklessness in South-American transactions. There had been prejudicial rumors, and a report of its suspension was circulated upon the Continent. Russia was alarmed and withdrew its deposits, and the combination of the banking credit of England was necessary to save that of the Barings.

This situation, while it allays apprehension for the immediate results, shakes confidence, because it shows that the most stable houses may take risks like stock gamblers. It exposes again the uncertainty of what is called practical business talent. The ultimate results of the situation cannot be foreseen whether as regards the house itself or business in general. The hasty conclusion is that such incidents will serve as warnings. But experience hardly justifies that moral. The forgeries of Gilman did not prevent those of Albert Smith, and that the recent imminent business peril was happily averted will not restore the great English house to its old position in the public mind, but will attach a little doubt to the repute of all similar houses.

AN INDIAN WAR.

IT is not surprising, although it is exceedingly unpleasant to hear, that "the possibilities are that we will have in the Northwest this winter the bloodiest Indian war ever fought." This statement is not modified by the following remark that "the probabilities are that the threatened danger will be averted by the cold winter storms," because the reasons for the apprehension will not disappear with the snow. An Indian Messiah has appeared, who promises final vengeance of the Indians upon the whites and the restoration of Indian supremacy. General Miles and the army officers are reported as fearing such an Indian uprising as has never been known. The seat of the trouble is the departments of Dakota and the Platte. There is great alarm and arming of the whites for protection. In that country there are about thirty thousand Indians, who are reported to be crazed by religious excitement, and who could be readily aroused to the utmost violence. General Schofield says that there are seven posts around the territory which is the seat of the trouble, and that they are manned by troops sufficient to suppress any Indian attack, and could be made available in twelve hours.

The general tone of the vague reports is that the Indian custom is not to begin an attack in the winter. But they all confirm the story of the new Messiah. Whatever the truth may be, there is evidently great alarm, and certainly the expected hostile movement is not surprising, because for "a century of dishonor" our relations with the Indians have been largely those of suppressed war. We are a people more than sixty millions in number, and we should not admit that any other people had reached so high a general average of civilization. There are about three hundred thousand Indians among us, either in various stages of civilization or in barbarism, and after a century we have not made them friends. That is a fact *per contra* which we must not forget in our celebration of ourselves as foremost in the files of time. The Indian chapter of our history is as discreditable to us as their Irish chapter to the English, and the severity of our reproof of our English brethren is a little absurd when we read that an unprecedented Indian outbreak in the West is anticipated.

The old English view of Ireland as a nest of pestilent papists is like our theory that the Indians are vermin. Neither of them has been a practical "working view." Ireland, after four centuries, is a thorn in the side of England; and toward the end of three centuries the Indians are still our foes. The reasons are obvious, and have been so always. The situation, indeed, justifies in spirit, if not in detail, its strong description by the *Herald:*

> "In the mean time the rations promised by the government have not arrived and the Indians are starving. They have little or no clothing to protect them from the bitter cold, and just food enough to keep them hungry all the time. These wards of the republic are cheated out of the food which has been promised, but when they complain, or in very desperation rise in revolt and commit an outrage, they are shot down like dogs, and word is sent to 'the Great Father' at Washington that the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

They have at last, indeed, friends among the whites. Within a few years the Indian question has been widely and intelligently discussed, and the fact that our national responsibility is very great is more generally acknowledged. But, as we pointed out last week, while admirable results have been reached in legislation, the Indian administration upon a mere partisan basis perplexes and prolongs the good work which has been begun. An Indian outbreak now would be a natural penalty of our general course for many years; and our armed victory, however necessary, would only sow the seeds of further strife. Fortunately, under General MILES, as under General CROOK, the war would be conducted by an American soldier who understands the situation and sympathizes with the Indians.

PARNELL AND GLADSTONE.

THE call issued by Mr. PARNELL to his supporters in Parliament appeared at a singular moment in his career. Public opinion in this country would not respond very heartily to a party summons from Mr. QUAY in Pennsylvania, and the continued leadership of his party in Parliament by Mr. PARNELL would show a different state of feeling in England from that which drove Sir CHARLES DILKE from public life, or which prevails here. Public opinion with us does not agree with Senator INGALLS that morals have no place in politics. Generally speaking—and of course with exceptions—both our eminent political and literary figures have been men of unexceptionable private conduct.

The London letters say that nothing which was not perfectly well known was disclosed in regard to Mr. PARNELL. But there is a great difference in effect upon the public mind of reports generally believed and of undisputed revelations in court. In the first case, they can be denied; in the second, they are indisputable, and are solemnly and finally proclaimed. The effect of the revelations in this case upon the Irish cause must be great. The strength of that cause is the sympathy of the English sentiment which is represented by Mr. GLADSTONE, and which is that of the respectable "middle class." The question is universally asked whether that sentiment will be now satisfied to see Mr. GLADSTONE associated in the Irish leadership with Mr. PARNELL.

The sentiment of to-day in all such matters is very different from that of the last century. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE'S private life was not such as would be tolerated in the case of a Prime Minister to-day. Mr. PITT was said often to see two Speakers. But a few years ago, when ANDREW JOHNSON took the oath as Vice-President in Washington, the whole country was startled and mortified, although Mr. MCCULLOCH—and there could be no better authority—asserts emphatically that the incident was wholly exceptional. It is treason to a great cause when its leader does not serve it by his private character as well as by his public efforts.

THE RACE QUESTION.

THE "short and easy way" of saying that the government ought to protect every voter in the right of voting does not dispose of the race question in the Southern States. Two recent practical movements in those States throw a great deal of light upon it. In the late election Judge HASKELL, as an independent Democratic candidate for the Governorship in South Carolina against the regular Democratic candidate, invited the support of the colored voters which his competitor repelled. The Republican committee advised the support of Judge HASKELL as a step toward the practical recognition of the right of suffrage among the colored citizens.

Judge HASKELL was defeated, but his candidacy illustrates the truth that the solution of the difficulty lies in the legitimate division of the white vote at the polls, which carries with it naturally the division of the colored vote, and makes it the interest of all sides to have that vote freely cast, which was the theory of the reconstruction bills. The problem is to open a clinched hand. A force bill is a vise which holds it clinched more firmly. Congress has the constitutional right, we believe, to pass a national election bill, as it has the right to declare war with England. But the existence of such a right is not an argument for its exercise, until it is shown in both cases that its exercise may be reasonably expected to produce the result sought.

In Mississippi the new Constitution, which went into effect on the 1st of November, requires as a qualification for voting that the voter must pay all taxes which have been legally demanded of him for the two preceding years, and a poll-tax of two dollars for the support of schools, and that he must "be able to read any section in the Constitution of this State, or he shall be able to understand the same when read to him, or give a reasonable interpretation thereof." These are not unreasonable requirements, and they are described as "the first effort of a deliberative body to solve the race question."

SPOILS.

IN his late correspondence with the Superintendent of the Census, Mr. W. D. FOULKE, of Indiana, takes the field for reform with all the aggressive vigor of Mr. ROOSEVELT. Mr. FOULKE is Chairman of the Special Committee of the National Reform League to investigate the course of the administration in appointments and removals. It is a very able and resolute committee, and its reports are the result of careful inquiry. Those upon the Post-office Department have been recently made public, and they fully sustain every charge of infidelity to the pledges under which the administration came into power that have been urged by the league. There has not been a more complete and amusing exposition of the methods in the Post-office to which distinguished Republican leaders attribute the last Republican defeat, and it leaves Mr. WANAMAKER, the Postmaster-General, with his chief assistant in the spoils work, Mr. CLARKSON, as the most efficient agents in the work of discrediting the pledges of their party, which an agent writing for Mr. WANAMAKER describes as "insincere professions." The sheer partisanship of the department is shown by the first fact mentioned in the fifth report, that out of 437 answers to questions regarding politics, it appears that in 427 cases the postmaster removed or resigned was a Democrat.

In his letter to Mr. PORTER, Mr. FOULKE leaves him prostrate. The Superintendent had said that a partisan census was impossible, but his antagonist shows conclusively that if so it is not because the Superintendent has not tried to make it partisan. His system of selection aimed to exclude all employés of other party sympathies than his own, and even if the result were more accurate than it is believed to be, the course of the Superintendent has unnecessarily exposed it to doubt and suspicion. It is notorious that just so far as the military and naval services are believed to be infected with politics, they lose the confidence of the public. In Mr. HENRY ADAMS'S recent admirable history of MADISON'S administration, he shows how much of the disastrous opening of the war of 1812 was due to political feeling sustaining military incapacity.

One excellent result of late political events is the further demonstration of the firm hold of civil service reform upon the public mind, to which we allude elsewhere in these columns. In the next House Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE will find a sympathy and support upon this subject from his new Democratic colleagues from Massachusetts which he has never received from his old Republican associates.

DR. KOCH'S DISCOVERY.

THE regular professional instinct in regard to new and striking alleged discoveries in medical science is scepticism. The discoverer of cancer cures or a remedy for hydrophobia is saluted with the general distrust of the faculty, and a disposition to regard the announcement as sensational or sheer charlatanry. This, of course, is not surprising, although a friendly and hospitable spirit is perfectly compatible with wariness and a wise credulity.

It is clear that progress in medical science involves discoveries that will necessitate the abandonment of conclusions based upon more imperfect knowledge, and modify beneficially medical practice. But the popular interest in alleged discoveries which promise relief to diseases hitherto deemed incurable is naturally so great, and excitement becomes at once so warm, that the profession almost unconsciously assumes an attitude of resistance to the pressure for premature approval. PASTEUR'S treatment for hydrophobia is still on the debatable ground, so far as the faculty is concerned, and at this moment KOCH'S reputed cure for the early stages of consumption commands universal attention in the press.

The process, in brief, is the injection of a lymph, followed by treatment. The composition of the lymph Dr. KOCH has not made public, and there is good reason for such a course, because during the excitement the lymph would be certainly counterfeited with results that might be disastrous. Meanwhile medical inquirers from all countries are hastening to Berlin, and the subject will be thoroughly investigated. There is no more reason in the nature of the case to distrust the value of the discovery than in the case of inoculation for the small-pox.

DRUNKENNESS AND DISFRANCHISEMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us some extracts from the decision of the Supreme Court in 1887, affirming the constitutionality of certain prohibitory laws, and asks why, if disfranchisement has been the means of suppressing the great evil of Mormonism, liquor dealers and drunkards should not be disfranchised? The power of Congress to pass the EDMUNDS bill is conceded, but it is not evident that disfranchisement has been the effective cause of the late practical renunciation of polygamy. The EDMUNDS bill also provided penalties of fine and imprisonment, and the results are fairly attributable to the whole bill.

The extracts from the opinion of the Court refer exclusively to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, affirming that any State can prohibit both without infringing any right guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. The Court lays down the broad principle "if the public safety or the public morals require the discontinuance of any manufacture or traffic, the hand of the Legislature cannot be stayed from providing for its discontinuance by any incidental inconvenience which individuals or corporations may suffer."

Our correspondent asks substantially why should not the violation of such a law, if enacted, be punished by disfranchisement? The answer is not that the State has not the power, but that the penalty would not be approved by public sentiment. In other words, it would be inexpedient. Laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale under certain penalties of fine and imprisonment are not strongly supported, and the party which advocates a prohibitory amendment polls very few votes. If it should add to its demand the penalty of disfranchisement of all who drink wine or other liquors to excess, it would hardly increase its vote. Government is undoubtedly organized, as our correspondent says, to promote the public welfare, to repress crime, and to protect the rights of every citizen. But our government is really public opinion.

PERSONAL.

DR. SEWARD WEBB intends to carry on stock-raising on a large scale at his place, Shelburn Farms, Vermont. He has there several barns, and has imported numbers of English and French horses, of cattle, of sheep, and of fowls. The farm extends for miles along the shores of Lake Champlain. There are over three hundred workmen employed on the place, comprising carpenters, masons, teamsters, and farm hands. Dr. WEBB'S family at present occupy a roomy stone cottage on a point overlooking the lake, but this will be torn down within the coming year to make room for a larger and handsomer house. Sunday services are held in a small stone chapel on the estate.

—Prince BISMARCK has added beer-brewing to his other industrial pursuits. The new brand of beer is to be called the "Bismarck Brau," and its manufacture is to be begun on a capital of $12,000. On this amount it is expected to realize a dividend of eleven per cent.

—JOHN G. OTIS, the leader of the Alliance Congressional delegation from Kansas, is a graduate of Williams College and of Harvard Law School, and is a native of Rutland, Vermont. For the past twenty years he has been a milkman in Topeka.

—JACQUES RENAUDIN, who fought with NAPOLEON I. at Jena, Friedland, and Eylau, has just died in Paris at the age of one hundred and six.

—Miss NORDHOFF, a daughter of CHARLES NORDHOFF, of Washington, has finally, in spite of many obstacles, succeeded in mastering the book-binder's trade. Her first efforts were made in England, but she found she could not be admitted to the craft, because she did not belong to a trades-union. She found the same trouble in America upon her return, and only her continued perseverance won her success.

—INAZO NITOBE, a young Japanese of high social standing, has just joined the Quakers of Philadelphia, and expects shortly to marry Miss MARY ELKINTON of that city, who is also a member of the Society of Friends. After their marriage the young couple will go to Japan to live, where the bridegroom is to occupy a high official position. For this he has fitted himself by six years of travel and study in Europe and America.

—The only surviving brother of George Eliot, Mr. J. P. EVANS, has just died at the age of seventy-four years.

—Among the few naval officers of Southern birth and training who were loyal to the Union after the fall of Sumter was Rear-Admiral STEEDMAN, who died recently in Washington. He began his naval life in 1828, fought in the Mexican war, and was in active service during the war of the rebellion. He was made Commodore in 1866, and Rear-Admiral in 1872. He was in command of the South Pacific Squadron in 1872–3, but had done no service since then.

—The Sultan of Turkey is said to be a fastidious epicure, always on the alert for gastronomic novelties.

—Queen EMMA of Holland, who will be Regent during the minority of the Princess WILHELMINA, has greatly endeared herself to the Dutch people by her domestic qualities. She has been a most attentive nurse to her husband, and is a singularly wise and devoted mother. She has also bestowed much attention upon politics, and is well fitted to fill the position she will soon assume.

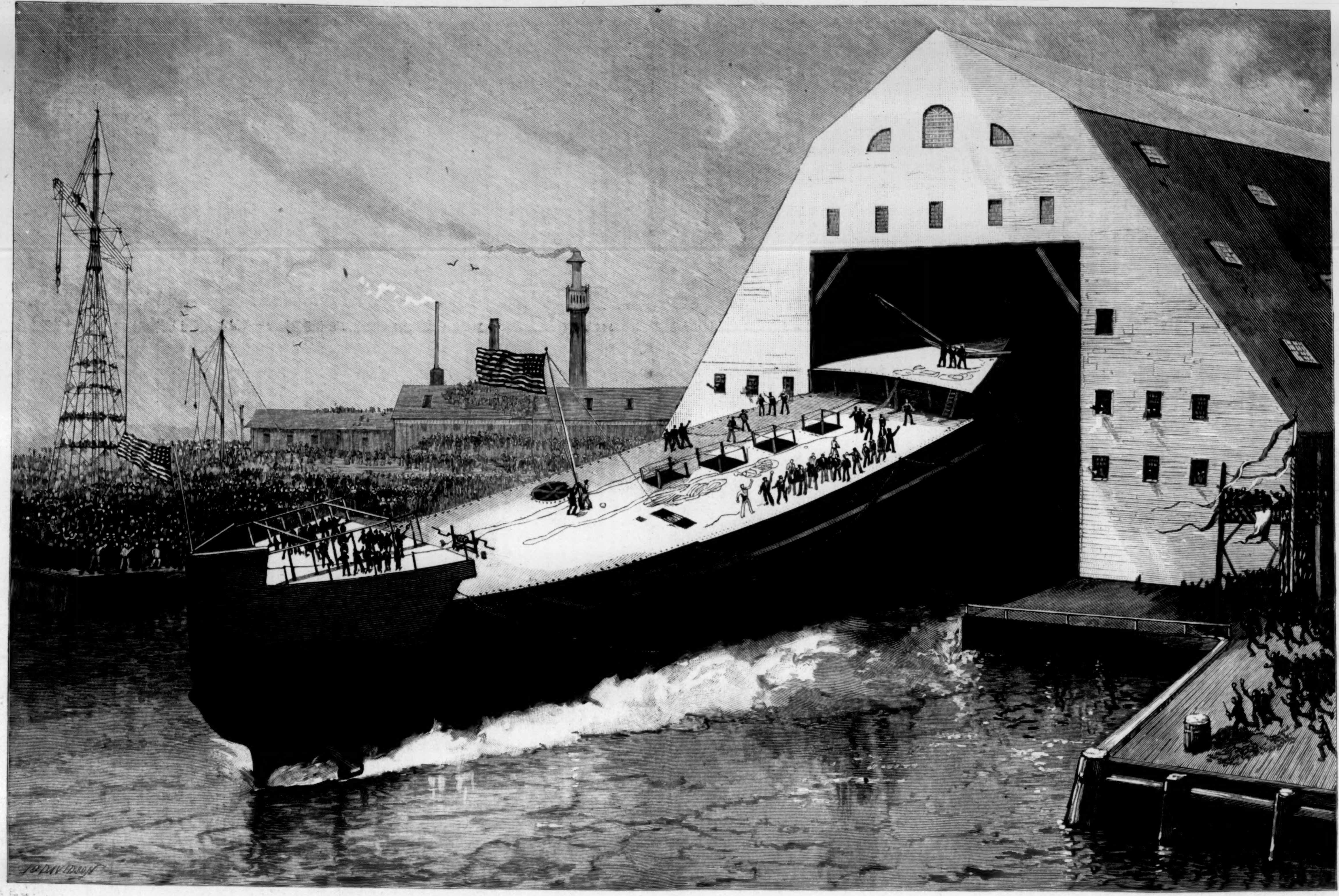
—OTTO MEARS, the President of the Silverton Railroad of Colorado, issues annually silver passes to certain friends of the road, enabling them to travel free. Each year the passes are made in a new design. They are shaped like badges, and are worn by the owners.

—Count TOLSTOÏ is described as wearing usually only such coarse clothing as is worn by the poor classes. His shirt is worn outside of his trousers, in the fashion of the moujik, and is gathered in to the waist by a leather belt.

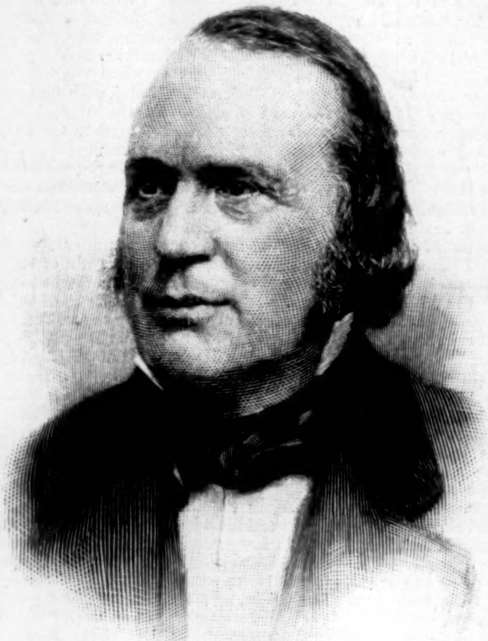
—A movement is on foot in California to raise a fund of $6000 to provide Mrs. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT with a suitable home, and $1000 of the required amount has already been secured.

—The only licensed woman pilot on the Northern Lakes is Miss JESSIE LANGFORD, of Duluth. At her special examination for efficiency as pilot, she is said to have scored a better record than any other candidate has done before in years.

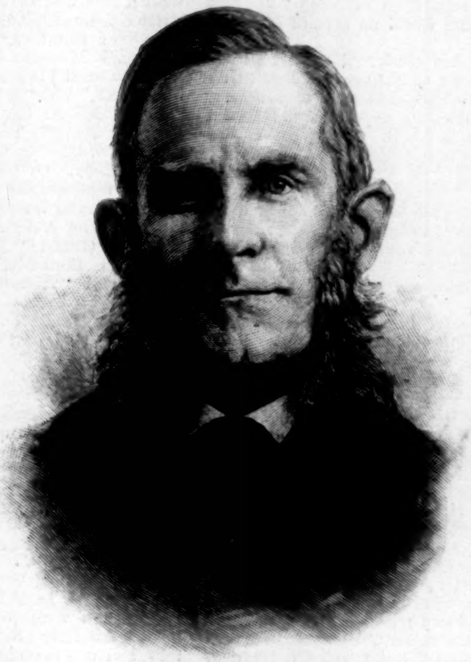
—ISAAC BLUXOME, the secretary of the celebrated California Vigilance Committee of 1856, has just died. His official signature was "33, Secretary," and was a sign of dread to the desperadoes who thronged San Francisco in that day. Luckily for him, his personal identity with "33, Secretary," was not known except by the members of the Vigilance Committee. BLUXOME'S efforts were said to be the means which saved Judge TERRY from the fury of the mob at the time of the BRODERICK duel.



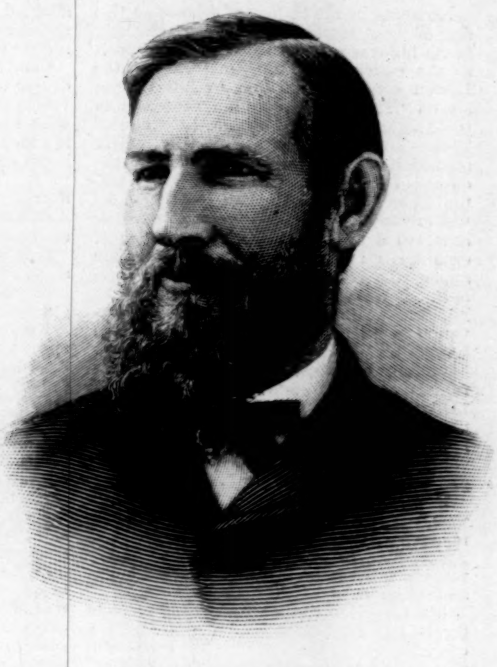
LAUNCH OF THE ARMORED CRUISER "MAINE" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 927.]



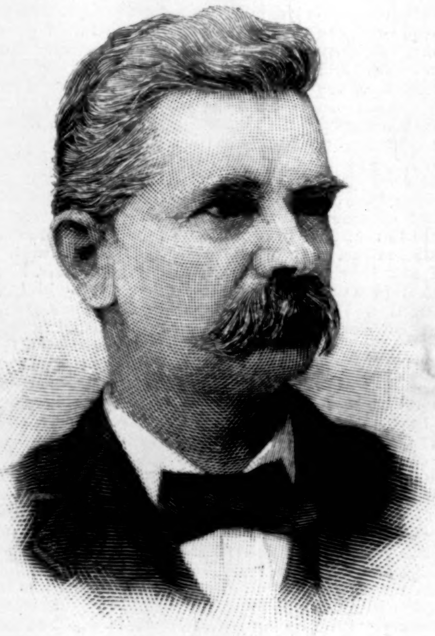
THE LATE PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ.



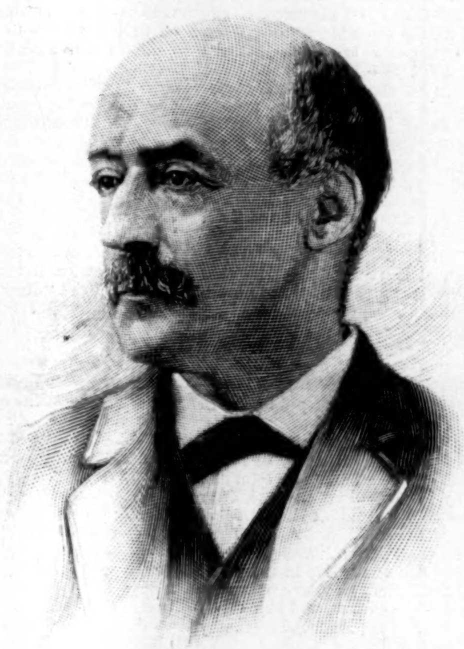
DR. S. H. SCUDDER, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.



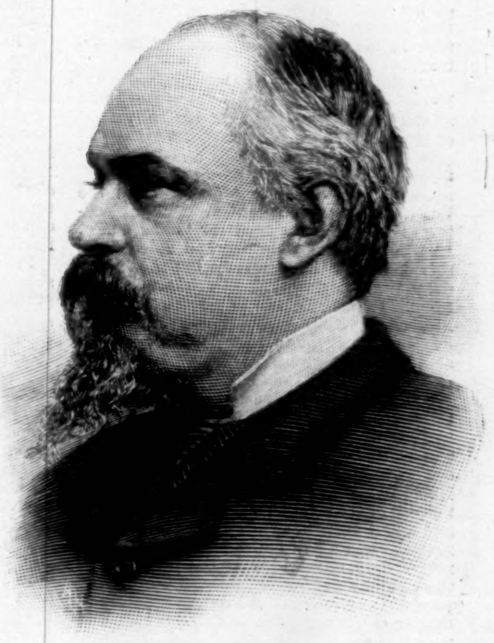
DR. J. A. ALLEN, AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.



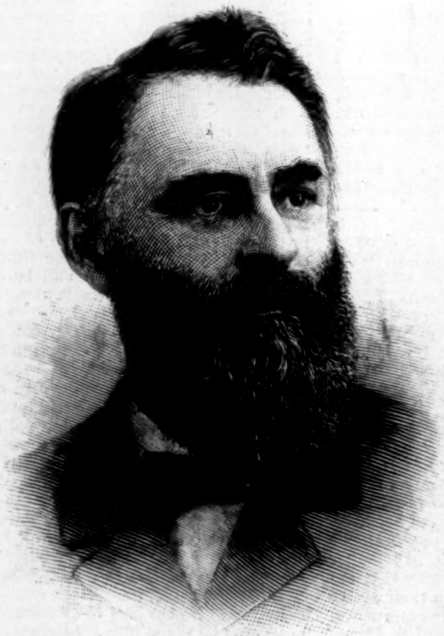
PROF. A. E. VERRILL, YALE UNIVERSITY.



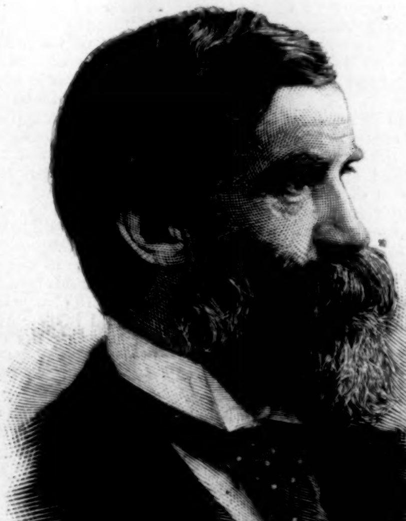
ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.



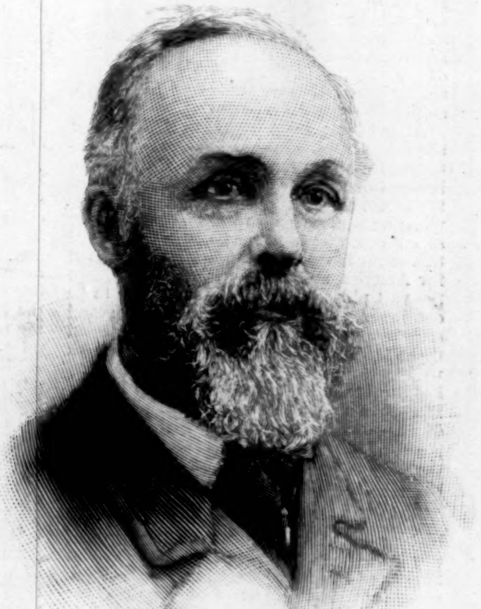
PROF. ALPHEUS HYATT, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



PROF. F. W. PUTNAM, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.



PROF. A. S. PACKARD, BROWN UNIVERSITY.



PROF. E. S. MORSE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

AGASSIZ AND SOME OF HIS MOST EMINENT PUPILS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 926.]

SOME OF AGASSIZ'S PUPILS.

BY MARCUS BENJAMIN, PH.D.

No event in the history of science on this side of the Atlantic has been so far-reaching in its influences and so potent in its result as the course of lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, by Louis Agassiz, on "The Plan of Creation, especially in the Animal Kingdom," during the winter of 1846. That he must remain in this country seemed at once imperative, and through the efforts of Abbott Lawrence the chair of natural history in the Lawrence Scientific School was created for him. To this institution he attracted a brilliant group of young men, enthusiasts in science, many of whom are among the leading naturalists of the present. It was Louis Agassiz who founded the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard, and it has been chiefly through the efforts of his pupils that this magnificent work has attained its present proportions. In the fulness of his strength, on December 14, 1873, the great naturalist passed away, and those who desire to know something more of his life have only to follow the charming volumes of *Louis Agassiz, his Life and Correspondence*, edited by his widow.

In turning to his pupils, the one upon whom the mantle of the master has fallen more completely than any one else is his son Alexander. In Neuchâtel, the scene of his father's early triumphs, the boy was born, and there received his earliest education. When the elder Agassiz came to this country he left his family behind him, and we can imagine the boy watching the fishermen with their nets along the shores of Lake Neuchâtel, or perhaps catching butterflies in the fields above the town. The huge granite bowlder called Pierre à Bat, that came from the Alps across the great glacier that once filled the valley of Switzerland, may have been the first geological curiosity that attracted his attention; or he may have spent his time in searching for the shell fossils so common in the soft neocomian rock of this district.

On the death of his mother, Cécile Braun, he came to this country, and was graduated at Harvard in 1855. At that time it was said of him he "inherited his father's wonderful persistence in accurate study and research." Subsequently for nearly four years he studied civil engineering and chemistry at the Lawrence Scientific School, meanwhile teaching at his father's school for young ladies. In 1859 he left Cambridge and entered the service of the Coast Survey, but soon withdrew from this work, preferring to devote himself to the collecting of specimens for the Museum of Comparative Zoology, of which he acted as agent in 1860, and in 1865 was acting curator, in charge during the absence of the elder Agassiz in Brazil.

After some experience as an engineer in the coal districts of Pennsylvania, he went, in 1866, to Lake Superior, where he became treasurer of the Calumet Mine. Soon he was engaged in the development of the adjoining Hecla Mine, and in 1867 became superintendent of the combined properties. For two and a half years he worked on an average of fourteen and a half hours a day, and in 1869 returned to Cambridge as the president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, at present the owners of the largest and richest copper deposits in the world. While it is true that the working capital came from others, still Mr. Agassiz supplied the brains, and carried the work to the point of overwhelming success. He showed unusual ability as a mining engineer, and solved difficulties in this field that were without precedent. Of such a character was the unique method employed by him for extinguishing the great underground fires at the Calumet Mine a short time ago. For four months the flames had prevented all working, and the flooding of the shafts was proposed, when Mr. Agassiz, by introducing carbonic acid gas, at once stopped further combustion.

After his return to Boston in 1869 he went abroad, and visited the museums and collections of Europe, returning in 1870 to Cambridge to accept the assistant curatorship of the museum. This place he held until 1874, when he was selected to succeed his father as curator, which office he still holds. Of this event it was said, "Happy indeed is it for America, and for biological science, that the vast plans of the late Agassiz are to be continued, as far as possible, on the grand scale upon which his great mind projected them." That this prediction is true has been well corroborated by President Eliot, who has said: "He has a peculiar way of giving. If he sees a need in one of the departments of the university he goes and supplies it, pays the bill, and says nothing more about the transaction." Since 1871 his contributions to Harvard have amounted to more than $750,000.

Of his scientific work we can only speak by its results. In 1873 the Walker prize of $1000 was bestowed upon him by the Boston Society of Natural History for his researches on echinoderms. He wrote the report on the sea-urchins collected by the *Challenger* expedition at the special request of Sir Wyville Thomson, and in 1878 the *Prix Serres* was conferred on him by the French Academy of Sciences. Mr. Agassiz was the first foreigner to receive this prize, which is given once every ten years. His winters from 1876 till 1881 were spent in deep-sea dredging, and his experience has been published as *Three Cruises of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Steamer Blake, in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, and along the Atlantic Coast of the United States*. He has attained the reputation of being "the best authority in the world on certain forms of marine life."

Cambridge has conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Sciences; Bologna University, at its eight-hundredth anniversary, gave him a doctor's degree; and Harvard has made him an LL.D. Many foreign and home societies have placed his name on their rolls. The French Academy of Sciences numbers him among its corresponding members, and since 1866 he has been a member of our National Academy of Sciences.

It is seldom that a man of genius has left a son so capable by his own ability to continue and develop the work which he inaugurated.

Among those of Agassiz's pupils who still make Cambridge their home is Samuel H. Scudder. He was graduated at Williams College in 1857, and was at once attracted to Cambridge, where, five years later, after taking his second degree at the Lawrence Scientific School, he became an assistant in the Museum of Comparative Zoology, where he remained until 1864.

Mr. Scudder has made a specialty of entomology, and as an authority on butterflies and fossil insects he has no superior in this country. The insects of New Hampshire have been reported on by him, and the specimens collected by the Yellowstone Expedition in 1873 were submitted to him. He has also examined and reported on the material gathered by the national geological surveys under Lieutenant Wheeler and Dr. Hayden, and likewise that of the British North America Boundary Commission and the Canadian Geological Survey. Since 1886 he has been paleontologist to the United States Geological Survey in the division of fossil insects.

His reports would easily form a library by themselves, for his bibliography down to 1880 includes 300 titles. Of his larger works the following are the more important: *Catalogue of the Orthoptera of North America* (1868), *Fossil Butterflies* (1875), *Butterflies, their Structure, Changes, and Life Histories* (1882), *Systematic Review of our Present Knowledge of Fossil Insects* (1886); and he has just published *The Fossil Insects of North America, with Notes on Some European Species*, in two large quarto volumes with sixty-three plates. It is limited to one hundred copies, and is the most extensive work on fossil insects ever published.

From 1879 till 1885 Mr. Scudder was assistant librarian at Harvard University, and at that time devoted much attention to bibliography, resulting in the publication of his *Catalogue of Scientific Serials of all Countries, including the Transactions of Learned Societies in the Natural, Physical, and Mathematical Sciences*: 1633–1876. Also during 1883–5 he was editor of *Science*, then published in Cambridge.

Mr. Scudder has been very active in the management of the Boston Society of Natural History, having served as its secretary in 1862–70 and as its custodian in 1864, after which he was vice-president in 1874–80, and then president until 1888. Also during 1877–85 was librarian of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He has likewise held office in the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and since 1877 has been a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

Various reasons may be assigned as explaining why students are attracted to an institution where they meet a great master. It may be the personal magnetism of the instructor that attracts them, or it may be that the knowledge sought for is more readily acquired among a number of brilliant students, or, finally, it may be that the prestige conferred upon one for having studied under Agassiz brought young men to Cambridge. Be this as it may, the fact remains that they came.

After studying at Wilbraham Academy, Joel Asaph Allen came to Cambridge, and was admitted to the Lawrence Scientific School. He devoted special attention to zoology, and was one of the assistants specially chosen by Louis Agassiz in 1865 when he visited Brazil through the munificence of Mr. Sylvanus Thayer, of Boston. Subsequently, in 1869, Dr. Allen made an exploring expedition to Florida, and later visited the Rocky Mountain region with an exploring party. He was chief in 1873 of an expedition sent out by the Northern Pacific Railroad. Meanwhile, in 1870, he became assistant in ornithology at the museum in Cambridge, and continued there for fifteen years.

In 1885 Dr. Allen was called to the American Museum of Natural History, then recently established on Manhattan Square in New York city, and was made curator of the departments of ornithology, mammalogy, fishes, and reptiles, in which at present may be included the temporary charge of the department of invertebrate zoology. The work of identifying, cataloguing, and labelling the rapidly accumulating treasures of this museum has occupied much of his time, but he has also been able to contribute largely to the *Museum Bulletins* of the results of his valuable researches. The following titles show something of the nature of the work conducted by him: "On Cyclorhis viridis (Vieill.) and its near Allies, with Remarks on other Species of the Genus Cyclorhis;" "Descriptions of New Species of South-American Birds, with Remarks on various other little-known Species;" "Remarks on Individual and Seasonal Variation in a large Series of Elainea from Chapada, Matto Grosso, Brazil, with a Revision of the Species of the Restricted Genus Elainea"; "On the Mammalian Types of South-American Birds in the American Museum of Natural History;" "On Seasonal Variations in Color in Sciurus hudsonius;" and "A Review of some of the North-American Ground Squirrels of the Genus Tamais." These papers, which are typical, include his publications during the year 1889–90. Of his earlier work the following monographs are the best known: "Mammals and Winter Birds in East Florida" (1871); "The American Bison, Living and Extinct" (1872); "Monographs of North-American Rodentia," with Elliott Coues (1876); and "History of North-American Pinnipeds, a Monograph of the Walruses, Sea-Lions, Sea-Bears, and Seals of North America" (1880). In all, his writings include several hundred titles.

While in Cambridge the Humboldt Scholarship was conferred upon him, and in 1886 the Indiana University gave him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He is a member of various scientific societies, including the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the American Philosophical Society. During 1883–6 he was president of the American Ornithologists' Union, and since 1876 he has been a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

Addison Emory Verrill was born in Greenwood, Maine, in February, 1839, and as a young man went to Cambridge, where he made a specialty of the study of natural history, and was graduated in 1862 at the Lawrence Scientific School.

As early as 1860 marine fauna became a specialty of his, and ever since that time he has devoted nearly every summer to the collecting and studying the marine animals of the Atlantic coast. In 1871 he was given charge of the deep-sea dredgings and the investigations of marine invertebrates conducted in our waters under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission. This duty he has continued to follow ever since, and each year contributes to the reports of the commission the results of his researches. In a printed list of his papers published during 1880–5 we find the following titles: "Report on the Cephalopods of the *Blake* Expedition, and on some Additional Species dredged by the United States Fish Commission Steamer *Fish-hawk*, during the Summer of 1880"; "Notice of the Recent Additions to the Marine Invertebrata of the Northeastern Coast of America, with Descriptions of new Genera and Species;" "Report on the Anthozoa and some Additional Species dredged by the *Blake* in 1877–9;" "Catalogue of Marine Mollusca added to the Fauna of New England during the past Ten Years," with two supplements bringing the work down to 1885; and "Results of the Explorations made by the Steamer *Albatross* off the Northern Coast of the United States in 1883."

In 1864 he was called to the chair of zoology in Yale College, which he still retains, and the instruction on geology in the Sheffield Scientific School is likewise given by him. Since 1867 he has been curator of zoology in the Peabody Museum in New Haven, where he has built up a large and valuable collection that now ranks among the first in this country. In connection with this work he has issued nearly seventy "Brief Contributions to Zoology from the Museum at Yale College." These vary in size from three or four pages to twelve or fifteen pages, and are devoted to descriptions of new species. For three years (1867 to 1870) he was Professor of Entomology and Comparative Anatomy at the University of Wisconsin, in Madison, Wisconsin.

Professor Verrill has made original investigations of corals, mollusca, anellides, echinoderms, anthozoa, tunicata, and bryozoa, and of the gigantic cephalopods of Newfoundland, which he has described and illustrated, notably in his *Cephalopoda of North America*. Part I. "The Gigantic Squids, with Observations on similar large Species from Foreign Localities;" and Part II. "The Smaller Cephalopods, including the Squids and the Octopi, with other Allied Forms." These two parts contain over forty plates.

During the last few years he has devoted much time to work on the revision of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, of which he had entire charge of the departments of zoology and invertebrate paleontology, also superintending the engraving of most of the illustrations. Also he has been busy in the preparation of a *Text-book on Zoology*, written with Professor William N. Rice, of Wesleyan University, which is soon to be published.

The honorary degree of A.M. was conferred upon him by Yale in 1867, and he is a member of the Boston Society of Natural History, the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, and since 1872 he has been a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

There are four of Agassiz's pupils whose names have been largely associated together on account of a mutual sympathy that existed between them, resulting in their active co-operation in certain scientific enterprises. They are Alpheus Hyatt, Edward S. Morse, Alpheus S. Packard, and Frederick W. Putnam.

Of these, Alpheus Hyatt is the oldest, and was born in Washington, D.C., in 1838. His early studies were made in the Maryland Academy, where he was fitted for Yale, but after a year in that university he went abroad. On his return he determined to study engineering, and the irresistible influence of Agassiz attracted him to Cambridge, and he entered the Lawrence Scientific School. Engineering was soon displaced by natural history, and his own inclinations led him to make a specialty of certain forms of the invertebrates. He was graduated with the degree of B.S. in 1862, and, like many of the Harvard graduates of that period, some of whose names are preserved in the beautiful Memorial Hall in Cambridge, he enlisted in the volunteer army, and served until the close of the war, when he was mustered out, having attained the rank of Captain in the Forty-seventh Massachusetts Infantry.

Resuming his studies under Agassiz, he devoted his attention to certain of the lower forms of animal life, and in 1866 he issued his *Observations on Polyzoa*, treating of the structure of this curious group of fresh-water animals. This led to further researches in this direction, until, in 1872, he published a paper on the *Fossil Cephalopods of the Museum of Comparative Zoology*, in which he sought to elaborate a practical demonstration of the theory of evolution, and to illustrate the laws by which it has taken place among the cephalopods. Meanwhile F. W. Putnam had accepted the curatorship of the Essex Institute, in Salem, Massachusetts, and there Hyatt followed him, becoming also a curator of that institution in 1867. Morse and Packard followed, and in 1867 these four enthusiastic naturalists founded the *American Naturalist*, of which Packard became editor-in-chief, and continued so until the removal of the journal to Philadelphia. It was largely through their efforts that the Peabody Academy of Sciences came into existence, and they were its first scientific staff. Together they planned its museum, and of which, in 1869, Hyatt was appointed a curator.

In 1870 Mr. Hyatt was called to Boston to assume charge of the collections of the Boston Society of Natural History. For many years he continued as custodian of this society, and has also filled the higher offices of vice-president and president. He has also held the chair of zoology and paleontology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1870, and is likewise connected with the Museum of Comparative Zoology as assistant in paleontology.

It is curious to note that, with the single exception of Alexander Agassiz, all of those who studied at Cambridge have become firm adherents of the theory of descent, and this in opposition to the belief of the elder Agassiz, who could not bring himself to accept the new views. Much of Mr. Hyatt's work has been toward confirming his belief in evolution. The sponges form a group that few naturalists have ever dared to consider, but Hyatt undertook their classification, and in 1875–7 appeared his *Revision of North-American Porifera*, which is the only work on the North-American commercial sponges, and is accepted as an authority all over the world. In 1880 he published his *Genesis of Tertiary Species of Planorbis at Steinheim*. These fossils were at that time regarded in Europe as affording the only positive demonstration of the theory of evolution. Although in some respects he differed from the original authorities, still he found that there was a general development from the flattened species to the spiral. Sir Richard Owen, of the British Museum, said of this work, "It is a model of the mode in which such researches should be conducted."

Later he returned to the cephalopoda, and in 1883 published a second memoir on the fossil genera of that invertebrate. His studies led him to believe that evolutionary changes in general were much more rapid in earlier ages than now, and in the special case of the cephalopods he showed that their evolution had taken place both by progression and retrogression. In a more recent paper on the "Larval Theory of the Origin of Cellular Tissue" he discusses the origin of sex. He claims that the nuclei of cells are both male and female; that gradually in some cells one element, perhaps the male, tends to predominate, while in others the female is stronger. Then we have the stage where the male and female cells are distinct from each other, but still mixed in the same layer. This specialization continues until in time we find distinct layers of cells especially adapted to perform the function of male or female elements; and later, in the vertebrates, separate animals represent the separate elements. His latest work has been a study of the *Genesis of the Arietidæ*, which is soon to be issued by the Smithsonian Institution.

Professor Hyatt has also devoted much attention to science—teaching in other ways besides through his connection with the Institute of Technology. For some time he had a class at the Boston University, and he is manager of the Teachers' School of Science. For this course of instruction he edited a series of "Guides for Science Teaching," of which he wrote several, including *About Pebbles; Commercial and Other Sponges; Common Hydroids, Corals, and Echinoderms; The Oyster, Clam, and Other Common Mollusks;* and *Worms and Crustaceans*. Credit must also be given him for the origin of the General Laboratory of Natural History founded at Annisquam, Massachusetts, by the Woman's Educational Society of Boston, and the summer school there is under his charge.

The American Society of Naturalists was organized in consequence of suggestions that were made by him, and at its first meeting at

Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1883, he was elected its president. He has been a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences since 1869, and a member of the National Academy of Sciences since 1875.

The birthplace of a scientist seems to have but little to do with his development. They came to Cambridge from the South and also from the North. Edward Sylvester Morse was born in Portland, Maine, in 1838, and is two months younger than Hyatt. As a boy he showed his fondness for natural science by making a systematic collection of minerals and shells. After studying at the academy in Bethel, Maine, he entered the employ of the Portland Locomotive Works as a draughtsman, but not neglecting his scientific studies, for in 1857 we find his discoveries published in the *Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History*.

These attracted the notice of Agassiz, and in 1859 Morse was invited to Cambridge, and became an assistant. For three years he remained there, devoting special attention to natural history; but he followed lectures on chemistry by Josiah P. Cooke, and those on literature by James Russell Lowell, while in comparative anatomy he was a pupil of Jeffries Wyman, with whom he visited and explored the mound heaps of a prehistoric people that once lived in New England. While aiding Agassiz he made a special study of the brachiopods, and by the help of embryological analysis he threw new and important light upon their systematic position in the scheme of invertebrate life. From his careful researches he determined their anellidan nature, placing them among the worms, in lieu of the mollusks, with which they had previously been classed. This work attracted the notice of leading naturalists abroad, and he received complimentary encouragement from many eminent scientists, including Charles Darwin.

In 1866 he joined Putnam and Hyatt in Salem, and was associated with them in founding and editing the *American Naturalist*, and also in the founding of the Peabody Academy of Sciences, of which he became a curator. He remained in Salem until 1871, occupied largely with biological work, and publishing numerous memoirs, among which were studies on the embryology of birds, notably one *On the Tarsus and Carpus of Birds*, in which he determined the relations of the ankle bones in birds, which was regarded as a valuable contribution to the development theory.

He was called to the chair of comparative anatomy and zoology in Bowdoin College in 1871, and remained there for three years, after which he returned to Salem to continue his special studies on the brachiopods. He then published his most comprehensive paper on this subject, entitled, *On the Systematic Position of the Brachiopoda*, which treats of the entire group, and includes results of other studies made by him and previously published. His interest in this specialty led him in 1877 to visit Japan in search of new material.

His studies soon attracted the notice of the Japanese government, and he was invited to accept the chair of zoology in the Imperial University of Tokio, then recently established. After thoroughly organizing that department, and laying the foundation for the collections which have since grown into the Imperial Museum, he resigned his place, and in 1879 returned to Salem to continue his work there. During his stay in Japan he founded a zoological station in the bay of Yeddo for the purpose of training native assistants in the work, and through whose aid he obtained considerable new material.

While in Japan he was led to the examination of prehistoric remains by the observance of shell heaps near Tokio. These he soon found were similar to those that had been discovered in New England and Florida by Jeffries Wyman, and evidence was obtained showing the cannibal nature of this people that inhabited Japan before the Ainos, who were the predecessors of the present race there. These investigations led to his study of pottery, and his collection now in Salem is valued at $100,000, and is regarded as the "largest, most valuable, and completest collection of Japanese pottery in the world." The rich accumulation of material made by him has largely occupied his time and attention since. In 1885 he published *Japanese Homes and their Surroundings*, of which it has been said in Japan "that for originality, sincerity, accuracy, and completeness, Professor Morse's work deserves the terse comment made on it by one well qualified to judge, 'that it is the first book that has been written about Japan since Siebold.'" For the last three years he has been occupied on a work dealing with the ceramic art of Japan, which will contain over a thousand marks.

Professor Morse became director of the Peabody Academy of Sciences in Salem in 1881, and has since retained that place, except during 1882, when he again visited Japan, returning by way of Europe. In 1885 he published, through the Essex Institute, an ethnological research on *Ancient and Modern Methods of Arrow Release*. These curious and unique studies received the attention of many of the leading ethnologists abroad, and were largely copied by foreign journals.

He is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and, as vice-president of that body, in 1884 delivered an address on "Man in the Tertiaries," in which he reviewed what American scientists had done toward proving the existence of man at that time; and in 1887, after having served as president of the association, he delivered in New York city his retiring address on "What American Zoologists have done for Evolution."

In utter fearlessness he piled fact on fact, showing the great work that had been accomplished in this country, and how, in spite of the opposition of the Church, the theory of evolution had persisted until it was almost universally accepted by working naturalists.

Bowdoin College conferred on him the degree of Ph.D., and besides his memberships in many American and foreign scientific societies, he has since 1876 been a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

From Maine there also came to Cambridge Alpheus Spring Packard, who was born in Brunswick in 1839. He is the son of the distinguished scholar of similar name who long filled the chair of Latin and Greek in Bowdoin College, and from which institution the younger man graduated in 1861. On leaving college he at once became a volunteer assistant in the Maine Geological Survey.

Meanwhile his interest in entomology, which has since become his life work, had already manifested itself, and during August and September, 1861, he collected insects on the Penobscot and Alleguash rivers, a description of which he furnished to the "Report of the Maine Board of Agriculture." This and other writings, including one on "How to Observe and Collect Insects," must have attracted Agassiz's attention, for Packard was sent for, and to Cambridge he went. For three years he studied natural history, and during 1863-4 he was Agassiz's private assistant.

He also studied medicine, and in 1864 was graduated at the Maine Medical College, and in October went with the First Maine Veteran Volunteers to the front, and served with the Sixth Corps in Army of the Potomac until mustered out in July, 1865. Turning to science, he became acting custodian and librarian of the Boston Society of Natural History, which place he relinquished in 1867 to join Putnam, Hyatt, and Morse in Salem. There he was one of the founders of the Peabody Academy of Sciences, and one of its curators, also aiding in the establishment of the *American Naturalist*, of which he was editor-in-chief until 1886. He founded a summer of biology in Salem, and was one of the instructors in Agassiz's Science School at Penikese in 1873-4.

For eleven years he continued in Salem, but in 1878 he accepted the chair of zoology and geology in Brown University, Providence, where he has since remained. He had, however, previously lectured on entomology at the Massachusetts Agricultural College and at Bowdoin College, besides having had charge of the entomology of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey when under Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden; and during 1871-3 he was State Entomologist of Massachusetts. Dr. Packard was a member of the United States Entomological Commission during its existence in 1877-82, and made for it in the earlier years extensive excursions in the Western and Pacific States and the Territories, while in the latter years he contributed largely to the three volumes of its reports.

As early as 1863 he proposed a new classification of insects, which has since been generally adopted both in Europe and America. He discovered the morphology and mode of development of the ovipositor and sting of insects, and has studied their external anatomy. His contributions to the natural history of the limulus, including the development and anatomy of the brain and nervous system of crustacea and insects, have received the highest praise.

Like his associates, he became a prominent advocate of the evolution theory, accepting the views both of Lamarck and Darwin, but not to the exclusion of either. In the introduction to the *Standard Natural History*, in 1883, he proposed the term Neo-lamarckism to cover the views of those who, like himself, did not accept all of Darwin's ideas. In this expression he includes the more fundamental factors of organic evolution, as changes of circumstance, reaction against external stimuli, the effects of use and disuse by which he accounts for the origin of variation, thus affording a foundation for natural selection to act on. In other words, "natural selection is not a *vera causa*, but rather expresses the effects of the co-operation of a number of factors in organic evolution." In this modified theory of evolution he has received the support of some of the best naturalists of Europe, and he has many followers in this country.

His published writings are very numerous, and a bibliography of 400 titles published by him has been compiled by Samuel Henshaw. His latest work is an extended memoir on *Cave Animals of North America*, which has been issued by the National Academy.

He is a member of many scientific societies, both at home and abroad. In 1889 he was chosen one of the eight honorary presidents of the Zoological Congress held in Paris, and was made an honorary president of the section of zoology of the French Association for the Advancement of Science; and also the British Association for the Advancement of Science announced his election this year as a corresponding member of that body. In 1872 he was chosen to the National Academy of Sciences in this country.

The youngest of the four is Frederick Ward Putnam, who was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in April, 1839. His early studies were made at home; but in 1856 he entered the Lawrence Scientific School as a special student in order to study natural history with Agassiz. He remained in Cambridge for eight years, part of which time he was in charge of the collection of fishes at the Museum of Comparative Zoology.

He returned to Salem in 1864, and took charge of the museum of the Essex Institute, and in 1867 was appointed superintendent of the museum of the East India Marine Society there. These two collections were combined largely through his influence, and incorporated as the Peabody Academy of Sciences, of which he became director; and in this work he had the association of the three naturalists previously mentioned.

His earliest work was on birds; but it soon turned into other branches of zoology, and since 1865 it has been chiefly in the direction of anthropology, or more especially concerning American archæology. His knowledge of this subject is not exceeded by that of any one in this country. He has published more than 200 papers on this specialty, among which are descriptions of many mounds, burial-places, and shell heaps, and of the objects that have been found in them. It was largely through his influence that the Serpent Mound of Ohio was made a State reservation, and too much credit cannot be given to one whose scientific knowledge has preserved to this country a monument of that prehistoric nation who once made their home in the valley of the Mississippi.

His special knowledge of this branch of science made it natural as well as necessary to call him to the charge of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology of Harvard University on the death of Jeffries Wyman in 1874, and in 1886 in accordance with the directions of the George Peabody Trust, he was appointed Professor of American Archæology and Ethnology in Harvard. The collections which he has gathered, illustrating the life and habits of American aborigines, is unexcelled in this country. Each summer parties are sent out under his direction, who explore the remains of these early inhabitants. During the past summer special work has been conducted in the Little Miami Valley in Ohio, but the institution is in direct relations with other work prosecuted in Colorado, Tennessee, Delaware, and New Jersey.

Very recently Professor Putnam was called upon to submit plans for an ethnological exhibition to form a feature at the World's Fair to be held in Chicago, and his proposition is to show in a building of the style of architecture prevalent in pre-Columbian times everything pertaining to man as he has been developed on this continent since the glacial period. The habitations of the Esquimau, the boats, sleds, utensils, weapons, and works of art would be exhibited, also similar collections of the principal tribes of the northern part of the continent, the Indian races of the interior and the eastern portions of North America at the time of Columbus, the native tribes of the Southwest, with those of Mexico, Central America, and South America, with their habitations, arts, industries, costumes, and in all cases with models of the varied types made from life.

Professor Putnam is perhaps most popularly known by his office of permanent secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He succeeded Professor Lovering in this place in 1873, at a time when the membership of the association was barely 500, while at the last meeting held in Indianapolis during August, 1890, he was able to report a membership exceeding 2000, a result which is largely due to his executive ability The "Proceedings" of the American Association, and the "Annual Reports" of the Peabody Museum are edited by him, and he has also prepared numerous special reports of matters referred to him by the government on archæological matters.

He has been vice-president of the Essex Institute, president of the Boston Society of Natural History, and besides membership in other scientific bodies, has, since 1885 been a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

OUR NEW ARMORED CRUISER.

A FRESH nor'wester was blowing out of a blue sky flecked with white clouds on Tuesday morning of last week when the big armored cruiser *Maine* lay in her cradle at the Brooklyn Navy-yard ready for her first saltwater bath. She was clad in a new coat of red paint, and looked as though she had already outgrown the expectations of her sponsors, for one end projected far beyond the shoreward gable of the big ark-like ship house, and the other was nearly awash in the flood tide that swept up the East River. Somewhat belated was this flood tide by the nor'wester aforesaid. It was due at the navy-yard at 11.57 A.M.; but an off-shore wind is an element that cannot be formulated by the nautical almanac-makers, and it was not actually full high-water till nearly one o'clock.

Everything was ready, however, on schedule time. Half a dozen of the "white squadron" lay at the adjacent wharves, dressed "rainbow fashion," in gay colors, from jib-boom to topsail. Every square inch of bunting was a flutter in the crisp breeze; and presently the *Despatch*, with a special party from Washington on board, steamed up to the wharf, landed her passengers to the strains of "Hail to the Chief" from the Marine Band, and a present arms from the guard of honor.

In the mean time some fifteen thousand plain American citizens, with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, had come from New York and Brooklyn, filled the observation platforms to overflowing, and ranged themselves on every available vantage point that commanded a view of the water. Blue-clad Jack-tars swarm up the rigging of the big white cruisers, and cling like flocks of barn swallows about tops, cross-trees, and yards, while "photograph fiends" by the dozen take snap-shots at them from below. Late comers, who cannot find standing room, begin to appropriate boxes and barrels to extemporize platforms withal, and the sedate mariners simply grin decorously, and pace back and forth on their beats without interfering, for to-day the "Yard" is open to the public. Anybody of passably respectable appearance who dares face the police detectives at the entrance may come in and make himself at home. Here they come at last! There is Secretary of the Navy Tracy, and he has by the arm his Democratic predecessor in office, ex-Secretary Whitney. The crowd applauds as it recognizes them, for both the great political parties are cordially in sympathy with the new navy, and bitterly hostile administrations have done their best to further its interests. The stately old gray-bearded officer in full uniform is Admiral Braine, Commandant of the Yard, who, as a lieutenant, participated in the first naval engagement of the civil war, and won his commander's grade in '64 under fire of the forts on Cape Fear River. Near him is General Schofield, who led one of Sherman's corps in the Atlanta campaign, and is now senior officer of the army. There are a dozen more veterans of two wars, and scores of handsome young subalterns in blue and gold who have never smelt powder.

One and all touch their caps, and make way for the "American girl," who steps past the presented rifles of the marine guard as calmly as if she had been used to that sort of thing all her life. So young is she that she still wears her hair in a single long braid, and she instantly wins the hearts of the now slightly nervous crowd as she climbs to the platform with her grandfather, Secretary Tracy, and admiringly receives the gayly decorated bottle that she is to break over the nose of the grim battle-ship.

"I'm glad she is a girl," whispers a lady near me to her escort. "If she were older, she'd be thinking how she looked, and make a mess of it."

But the crisis is evidently at hand. No visible signal has been given, but a silence as of instant expectancy falls upon the great multitude. Those who are near enough hear a voice in the vast shadowy spaces of the ship house:

"All clear there?"

"All clear, sir."

"Let her go, then!"

There is a momentary reverberation of mallets as half a thousand workmen drive home the starting wedges. Then there is a harsh rasping of saws as the releasing planks starboard and port are sawed in two, and then the few who are near the severed planks watch to see the cuts widen. A minute passes. Two minutes. It is an anxious moment for the engineer in charge. Such ships have before now lain on the ways for months in spite of all that science could do. But this time no mistake has been made.

But some sharp-eyed fellow detects a movement. The crowd outside stirs a little with electric sympathy. The cracks widen.

"Now, Alice!" says the Secretary, quietly; and Miss Wilmerding deftly shivers the bottle on the massive stem. Evidently Miss Wilmerding plays tennis.

"I christen thee Maine!" she cries, and the champagne froth flies over her own dainty white skirt, and liberally besprinkles the dark coats of her attendants.

As if in response to that gentle blow from a girl's hand, the great mass of steel plates and rivets starts upon her first voyage.

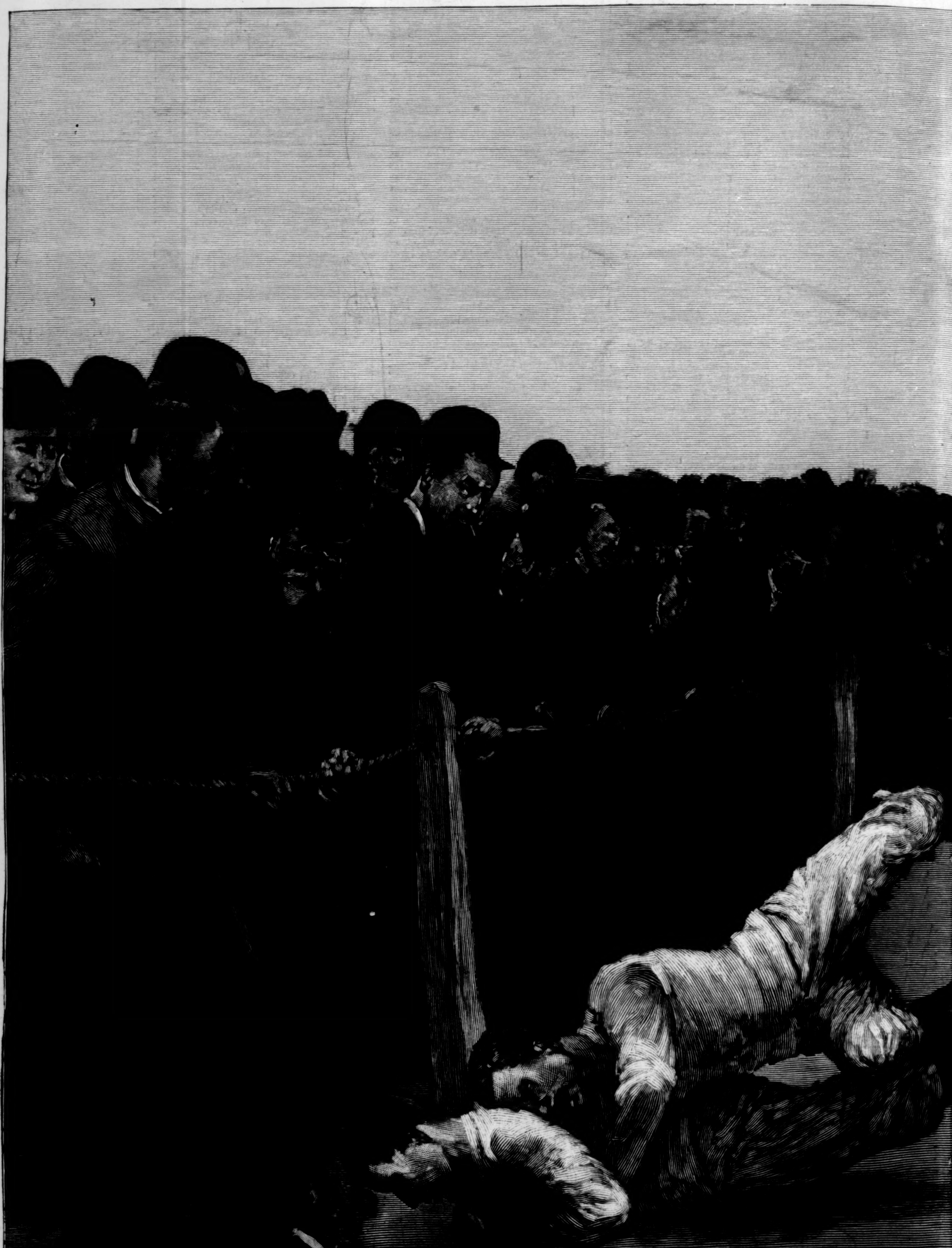
Without a check she slides gently down into the brimming tide. The largest vessel ever built on the Western continent floats upon an even keel, and for the first time feels the playful shock of white-capped waves that come driving across the river before a passing squall.

Two generations of what once were battle ships—the old *Vermont* and the *Minnesota*—stared through their antiquated port-holes at this young upstart who could easily sink a whole squadron such as they. The saluting battery on the cob-dock gave her a national salute. Miss Wilmerding came down from the platform, with the relics of the decorated bottle for a memento, and the ceremony was over, with credit to all concerned.

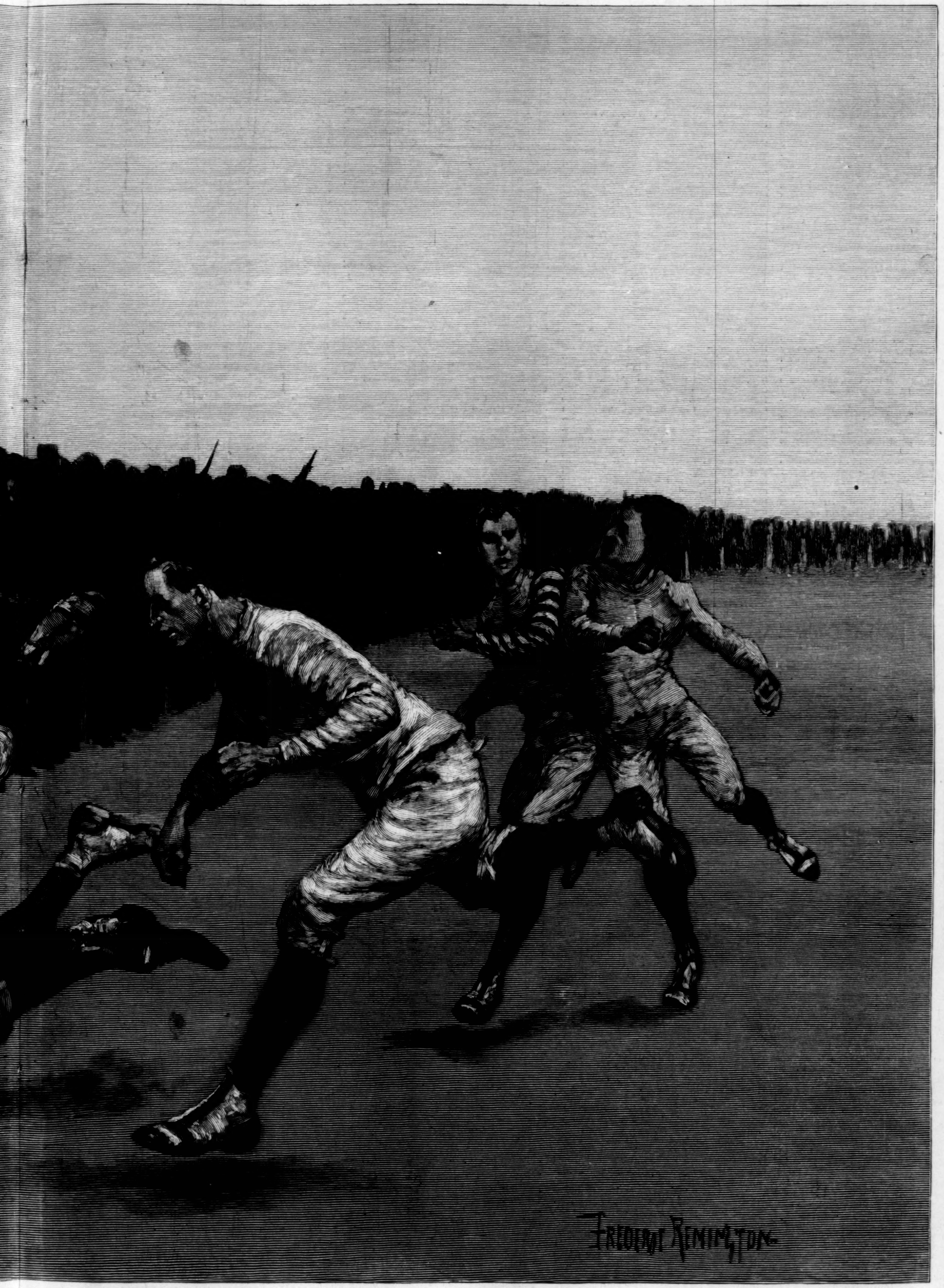
The *Maine* is in all respects a first-class battle ship, and though inferior in certain of her dimensions to some of the more powerful foreign war-ships, she could upon occasion make a good fight, with a fair show to win, against the best of them.

It will be a year or more before she can be fully armed and equipped, and by that time still more formidable vessels will be on the stocks. For some years to come, however, the *Maine* must rank with the very best fighting ships of our new navy.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.



FOOT-BALL—A COLLISION AT THE ROP


FREDERIC REMINGTON

OPES.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 930.]

THANKSGIVING FOOT-BALL.

One of the features of Thanksgiving Day in New York is the concluding game of foot-ball in the series of matches for the championship of the Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association. During the past few years New York city has been the scene of the annual contest, and the old Polo Grounds at 110th Street has been the battle-ground of many a well-fought struggle. Thousands of people have sat or stood in the cold November air watching twenty-two men in a desperate fight over the sphere of leather until darkness closed upon the scene, and the air was heavy with the cries of the graduates and undergraduates of nearly all the colleges in the East. One year the game is played upon the frozen ground, when badly damaged faces result from the heavy falls; another year sees the field a mass of sticky mud, covering the contestants so that one is scarcely able to distinguish friend from foe; and another year the snow is shovelled away from the field, and along its edges there are soft places for the men to fall.

The day of the great match has come, and Princeton and Yale are the opponents. The mud which made everything disagreeable at the Berkeley Oval—the best athletic grounds in the country—caused the match to be set down on the Brotherhood base-ball grounds away out in Brooklyn, and almost every inch of available ground is covered with sightseers. Coaches are standing as near as they can get to the field, and the air resounds with the yells of the students who are perched up on the top of the four-in-hands, and who are frantically waving their bunches of yellow and black or dark blue ribbons. The "Sis-boom-ah!" Princeton's skyrocket cheer, alternates with the snapping "'Rah! 'rah! 'rah!" of Yale as one side or the other gets a small advantage. A good kick or a good run is the signal for wild huzzahs, and it is a wonder that throats are not split as the students try to outdo each other in making a noise. A Princeton player gets the ball in the middle of the field, and away he goes in a zigzag course toward the Yale goal. His team is with him, getting in the way of the Yale rushers when they are about to pounce upon him, and interference is the order of ~~the~~ minute. He slips under the outstretched arms of his adversaries, but they are working him nearer and nearer the ropes. The leathern sphere is under one arm, and the other arm swings free. The runner has passed all the rushers, and is upon the ropes almost, when a new opponent looms up; a brawny half back seizes him just as he is about to dodge into the centre of the field again, and down he goes, with the foot-ball hugged to his breast, and in an instant the whole of the Yale team is upon him. He tries to crawl ahead a few feet, but the man who tackled him yells "held," the runner calls "down," and the sides line up for the "scrimmage." The ball is snapped back, another rusher gets it, and away he darts toward the goal. All is intense excitement, and the thousands of partisans who are watching the playing are anxious to get in and help. Hundreds of pretty girls, bedecked with the ribbons of their sweethearts, brothers, and friends, urge the players on to renewed efforts.

For the second time since the formation of the College Foot-ball Association in 1877, Harvard did not appear this year as a contestant for the honors of the organization. The first year Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton were the members, and Princeton beat both. In 1878 Yale joined the Association, and Princeton beat both Harvard and Yale, while Yale beat Harvard. The next year Harvard was beaten by both Princeton and Yale, and they played a tie game. Although three games were played between the three colleges, no scoring was done by either. Yale took the championship in 1881, by defeating Harvard, while Princeton tied with Harvard and Yale. In 1882 Yale was again champion through defeating Princeton and Harvard, and in 1883 the result was the same. A tie game was played between Princeton and Yale in 1884, and in the same season both colleges beat Harvard.

Harvard withdrew from the Association in 1885, and in that year Yale was beaten by Princeton. In 1886, Harvard returned and was beaten by Princeton and Yale, who played a tie game. Yale took the championship in 1887, beating both Harvard and Princeton, while Harvard won from Princeton. Yale's score was the same in 1888, but Princeton turned the tables on Harvard. Last season Harvard was left in third place, being beaten by both Yale and Princeton, and Princeton won the championship. Then came Harvard's resignation from the Association, and the attempt to form a dual league with Yale. This move failed, however, and Harvard was left out in the cold, having played in the Association twelve years out of the fourteen of its existence, without winning the championship once. Harvard's victory over Yale at Springfield last week sends the crimson again to the fore, and adds new interest to the tripartite contests.

Although the chances for winning the championship are exceedingly small in Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania, the play of Yale and Princeton against these teams serves to give some idea as to the way the championship is going this year. Yale began the season poorly, but with each succeeding game the play of the eleven improved, and the splendid team work which always characterizes Yale's men showed itself quickly. Against Wesleyan she played three matches, winning the first by 8 to 0, the second by 34 to 0, and the last by 76 to 0. Two games played against the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn resulted in the same marked improvement, for while the Crescents were beaten in the first game by 18 to 6, the second game—just one month later—was won by a score by 52 to 0. Casting aside the question of team work and taking up individual play, the Yale eleven is remarkably strong, although Rhodes, the captain, is not in the best of condition.

Heffelfinger is a tower of strength, and although he is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs nearly 200 pounds, he is a remarkable fast runner, a perfect giant in appearance, and invaluable to the team. Barbour is a plucky quarter back and will give a good account of himself on the day of the great match. McClung and L. Bliss are a pair of half backs hard to beat, and Harvey will make a name for himself at full back. On the rush line such good men as Hartwell, Wallis, Holcomb, Mills, and S. Morrison are among them, and all can be depended upon to do their share toward carrying the championship to New Haven, and few can be found to believe that any other result is possible.

Princeton is in a most unfortunate condition, several of her best men are in bad shape, and even if they should play in Brooklyn, it will take but little rough work to send them to the bench on Thanksgiving Day. Poe, the quarter-back and captain, has been off the team for a time, and although he is a better player than Yale's man in the same position, he will be handicapped by lack of practice. Black, too, is out of the eleven, and, unfortunately for it, permanently. Speir, the clever tackle, is in a bad way, and Hayden was unfortunate enough to break his collar-bone. These accidents are enough to dishearten more plucky men than those from Princeton, but they have been hard at work, and will not flinch until the last minute of play is over. Behind the line, Homans, full back, and Spicer and King, half backs, are excellent men, and will work harder than the Yale men. Much will, however, rest upon the center rush, Jones, who is the best man in college for the place, and will worry Yale not a little. Few men in Princeton expect to win, but all are confident that their team will play a hard game, and that the victory, whether it goes to the dark blue or the yellow and black, will be well earned.

THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Leafy 'n' Hiram's been real constant to each other," quavered old Mrs. Holyoke, walking feebly, under the falling leaves, from Mrs. Prime's funeral. "'N' Hiram's a likely young man. Seems a pity that Urany couldn't have seen things dif'runt. But there! she's gone. There ain't nobody to let or hender 'em now, 'n' I expect there'll be a weddin' before long. I hain't never heard that Urany had nothin' agin Hiram except that Smalls was Smalls, 'n' she wanted Leafy to have somebody that was more of a get. She was always high-minded, Urany was; she had the first Brussels carpet that ever was to the Corner. But she lays low enough now." The old woman shook and shook her head, as if with a certain grim satisfaction in the overthrow of earthly ambitions.

"Seems as if Leafy had a right to look higher than Hiram Small," said Leafy's aunt, Mrs. Gibson, who had come from New Hampshire to her sister-in-law's funeral. She was a ponderous woman, who wheezed asthmatically, but had, nevertheless, an air of energy and determination. "Folks do say she might have had a minister; and I was knowin' to Eli Forbush's wantin' her, that had three farms and a mill proputty, and only two children and an old aunt by his first wife—though, to be sure, she was tryin'."

"Old Mis' Phœbe Proctor, that had spells of thinkin' her head was a churn? Well, such trials is sent," said old Mrs. Holyoke, with continued head-shakings.

"Leafy didn't 'pear to think they was sent to her," said Mrs. Gibson, with some sharpness (she was afterward heard to say that she "couldn't put up with old Mrs. Holyoke anyhow—she was so dretful resigned"). "But I must say a slow coach like Hiram Small would be full as tryin' to me. He won't never have anything, for he wouldn't dare to put his money in any more resky place than an old stockin'."

"They was always savin' folks, the Smalls," said old Mrs. Holyoke, with a slightly reproachful accent. "'N' Leafy would be a-marryin' in the Lord."

"'Tain't so easy to tell when folks are a-marryin' in the Lord," remarked Mrs. Gibson. "'N' he is so dretful drawlin', seems as if I should fly all to pieces listenin' to him speakin' in meetin'."

"'Tain't always them that's gifted in prayer that has the most grace," said old Mrs. Holyoke; "and Hiram is real handy about the house, and as good in sickness as a woman."

"I don't want none of them old Bettyin' men round me," declared Mrs. Gibson. "I can't bear to see a man, made in the image of God, a-putterin' round a kitchen; 'n' I never see one that would do it that amounted to anything for a man. Give me a man that, when his wife is sick or drove, will spunk up 'n' hire somebody, 'n' do a man's work to pay for it."

"It beats all how set you be agin Hiram." Old Mrs. Holyoke paused to say this at the turn of the road which was to separate her from her companion. The fields and the highway were dotted with little groups returning from the funeral; they and the white stones of the cemetery stood out with astonishing clearness in the windy October sunset. Leafy, waiting in the lane for her aunt, showed all her meagre outlines, and looked worn and faded in the vivid light.

"Land! I hain't got nothin' against Hiram Small, only I want to let him *be* Hiram Small, 'n' not go to windin' a gauze round him," said Mrs. Gibson. "'N' I don't deny but what I should like to see Leafy marry a man that was up 'n' comin' more'n what Hiram Small is. I expect my views has got some higher'n what they was when I lived here to Ashfield. 'Twouldn't be no more'n natural. I've kep' summer boarders for the last ten years, 'n' it's consid'able broadenin' to the mind, keepin' summer boarders is. I expect I could have consid'able influence with Leafy if I was a mind to, but I ain't one to meddle or make with no such business. I made up my mind to that before I come. Courtin' 'n' soap-makin' is best left to them that's a-doin' of it; that's what Aunt Sabriny Rogers used to say. Says I to Leafy, 'It's you that's a-goin' to marry Hiram Small, 'n' it ain't me, 'n' I'm glad of it.' That's all I said, 'n' I ain't *a-goin'* to say nothin'—not a word."

"She's kind of gittin' along, Leafy is," said Mrs. Holyoke, who, somewhere in her dim old faculties, was conscious of a desire to do a deed which she afterward described to her granddaughter as "pullin' out some of Lucindy Gibson's tail feathers."

"She don't stand still no more'n the rest of us," admitted Mrs. Gibson; "but when a girl has got proputty of her own, to say nothin' of her uncle Isaiah bein' likely to leave her the heft of what he's got, she can get along without bein' eighteen, or pink 'n' white complected."

"There's a good many standin' ready to grab Isaiah's proputty, but I'm sure I hope Leafy 'll get it," said old Mrs. Holyoke, doubtfully. "Well, it's been a real edifyin' season, a-layin' poor Urany away where we've all got to foller soon, 'n' can't take no proputty, nor summer boarders, nor nothin' with us."

Old Mrs. Holyoke walked on, quavering feebly to herself and shaking her head, evidently in a spirit of doleful prophecy, while Mrs. Gibson joined her niece, only restrained by Leafy's sudden outburst of grief from freeing her mind on the subject of spiteful old women.

"You hadn't ought to give way so, Leafy," she remonstrated. "So long as I hadn't no troubles but what come in the reg'lar order of nature, seems as if I could bear up. Now when *he* died, 'n' his folks got the life-insurance, *that* was trouble." Mrs. Gibson always mysteriously refered to her late husband as "he," and "his folks" represented a rapacious horde from whom she had barely escaped with her life. "Your poor mother is to rest, 'n' here you be with about the best farm in Ashfield, 'n' a couple of wood lots, 'n' money in the bank. Feelin's passes away, but wood lots is realties. You don't think nothin' of 'em now, but without 'em where would you be? A-patchin' your clothes, 'n' skimpin' your victuals, 'n' trod underfoot by everybody; 'n' them that comes to see you now would like enough go up Turkey Hill a-courtin'." Mrs. Gibson reached this climax with exhausted breath, which made it more impressive.

"I don't know what you mean," said Leafy, facing her on the door-stone with a sudden vivid color in her pallid cheeks.

"Oh, I don't mean nothin'—about Turkey Hill, that is. I was only jokin' a little to kind of cheer you up," said Mrs. Gibson, dropping into a chair, and loosening her bonnet strings. "All the same there ain't no men folks," she continued, slowly, her breath coming in whistling, aggressive gasps, "no matter if they be as slow as stock-still, but what knows that proputty's proputty."

"I know some that's too good and high-princerpled ever to think of such a thing," cried Leafy, with some heat.

"That's your way of lookin' at it," said Mrs. Gibson, with a superior smile. "I must say, Leafy, that for a woman of your age"—Leafy winced perceptibly—"you're dretful kind of simple. Men folks thinks a sight of themselves, pertikerlerly sence they've got to be so skurce, 'n' they look for a girl that's young 'n' handsome, or else they look for proputty. Your mother's folks is the peaked kind that grows old quick; 'n' bein' so stived up takin' care of your mother hain't agreed with you, neither. I'm a-speakin' the truth to you in love, Leafy, for it ain't a mite of use to mince matters. So fur forth as merryin' goes you can take your pick, 'n' for a better reason than good looks, for good looks ain't lastin' anyhow; but if you've got the money, there you be."

"Oh, Aunt Lucindy, you do say such dreadful things!" gasped Leafy. "I know I ain't pretty any more, if ever I was, but Hi—there's folks, I mean, that thinks just as much as ever of me."

"'N' more too; I hain't a mite of doubt of it, sence it's all yours," said Aunt Lucindy, with a hard little wheezing laugh. "It kind of surprised me that some folks wa'n't to the funeral."

"He had to go to court; he was drawn on the jury," said Leafy. "'N' I felt as if I'd just as l'eves he wouldn't come. It's real hard to think so, but I expect that's the way mother would 'a' felt. I've always thought that if she'd been herself she'd 'a' felt difrunt toward the last. But she had a terrible grudge against Hiram's folks; 'twas so ever after that quarrel about the minister when they went to the other meetin'. 'N' she wanted me to have somebody that was thought more of; Hiram ain't one to put himself forward."

"I most wonder that you could 'a' held out so against your mother, when you set so much by her," remarked Mrs. Gibson.

"It's 'most killed me. I've been through everything," cried Leafy, her voice thin and harsh with tears. "It ain't any wonder that I look old. Mother would beg 'n' plead with me to give him up, 'n' say I was bringin' her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, 'n' I don't know how I ever did hold out. But I knew it wa'n't right. I knew, when folks set as much by each other as what Hiram 'n' I did, it wa'n't right to let anybody come between 'em. But nights, when I used to go 'n' set the light in the front-room window—that was a sign that mother was sound asleep, 'n' Hiram could come over—I did use to feel dreadful wicked. As much as I liked to have him come, I used to be glad when he was out of the house. Once when she woke up she heard his voice, 'n' I told her a lie. I had to tell her that 'twas Joel Ramsay that had come about some turnips. Hiram thinks I shall be forgiven, but I don't know. She'd go right into hysterics 'n' faint away, 'n' I'd think she was dead, every time she heard anybody say they'd seen Hiram 'n' me together. I've had a dreadful time these ten years, 'n' I don't know how I have held out." Leafy wept softly now in her handkerchief.

"Ten years is a good while, 'n' men folks's feelin's don't hold out nohow as women's do," said Mrs. Gibson, meditatively—"unless it's where there's proputty," she added, as an after-thought.

"I think it's dreadful cruel of you, Aunt Lucindy, to talk so about Hiram," said Leafy, with some spirit.

"Good land! me talk about Hiram?" cried Mrs. Gibson, in extreme surprise. "Why, I ain't hardly acquainted with him, 'n' I'm sure I hain't mentioned his name. I ain't to blame because men's men, 'n' can't be expected to be nothin' dif'runt."

"If I thought Hiram wa'n't in love with me, 'n' only cared for—"

"In love! Land sakes, Leafy, I did think you had more sense! When you're nineteen 'n' rosy-cheeked a man may be in love with you, but when you're close on to thirty, he thinks you've got so 'n' so much proputty, 'n' will make him a real good wife."

Leafy rushed into the bedroom, and shut the door behind her, and threw herself upon the bed and sobbed unrestrainedly. She had mourned over her mother's grave, but she had not despaired; but now it seemed that Aunt Lucindy's strong and cruel hands had dug a grave for life itself. Doubtless Leafy was, as Aunt Lucindy thought, "a dretful namby-pamby little thing." She came out an hour later, and quietly set about the preparations for supper. Aunt Lucindy wisely ignored all previous conversation.

"I'll tell you what, Leafy, you'd ought to go home with me 'n' get chippered up. Great Falls ain't so very lively this time of year, but sence the hotel was burned I take in consid'able transient comp'ny, 'n' that keeps things a-goin'; 'n' 'twill be a change for you anyhow."

"I don't calculate to leave Ashfield this winter," said Leafy, with dignity.

And Aunt Lucindy proceeded to talk of the people whom she knew in Ashfield, and incidentally remarked how well the Pringle girls had married.

"There's goin' to be a weddin' up to Turkey Hill to-morrow—so Loizy Preble was a-tellin' me," she said.

"Yes; Viola Fling 'n' Saul Copeland. Hiram is goin' to stand up with 'em," said Leafy. She mentioned Hiram's name after a slight hesitation, and with a little air of pride.

"So Loizy was a-tellin' me. Beats all how queer Ashfield ways seems to me. Now up to Great Falls folks wouldn't think of friskin' round 'n' stan'in' up to weddin's the day after folks was buried that was anything to 'em. Up to Great Falls they'd think that 'twa'n't showin' proper respect to *you*."

"Saul Copeland is Hiram's particular friend. I shouldn't want him to stay away," said Leafy, with emphasis.

"He 'n' Hiram's jest about of an age, ain't they?" said Mrs. Gibson, reflectively. "Goin' on thirty-three. Well, that's young for a man. Viola's about twenty, ain't she? 'N' Mirandy, she can't be more 'n twenty-two. She 'n' Hiram's goin' to stan' up together, are they? I expect, by what Loizy was a-sayin', that if old Mis' Small hadn't 'a' made such a fuss about them two bein' second-cousins—But that was the winter that you 'n' your mother was over to Farmin'ton, wa'n't it? The last time poor Urany was ever away from home. Six years ago, was it?" Leafy was silently surveying her tea grounds; her cheeks were blazing. "Now I ain't a-sayin' or a-hintin', Leafy, that folks ever thought more of any other girl than what they did of you; but when you was away, 'n' Mirandy's red cheeks was near, why, men's men. But I shouldn't wonder if Loizy Preble was only an old gossiper anyhow." Leafy cleared away the dishes, still in silence, and with scarlet cheeks. Mrs. Gibson talked of the liveliness of Great Falls in the winter. "What's become of your father's watch that used to hang in the case here?" she asked, as she shook the table-cloth out to the flocking hens.

"Hiram borrowed it to carry to court this morning; he'd broke his."

Aunt Lucindy uttered an exclamation: it sounded like, "A'ready!" Her next remark was *sotto voce:* "I should think 'twould take more'n a watch to make some folks fit to set on the jury."

"I hope she'll go to prayer-meeting," Leafy was saying to herself fervently. "I suppose Hiram will go if he gets home in time, though I should think he'd rather come over and see me to-night. I'll put the light in the window; there ain't any need of it now"—she choked down a sob—"but it 'll seem natural, and he'll know I want to see him."

Aunt Lucindy did go to the prayer-meeting, but the lamp burned in the front window all in vain.

"Mr. Daggett said that he depended upon Hiram Small to lead the singin', 'count of his bronichal trouble; but seems he went up to Turkey Hill to help them about their weddin' fixin's," said Mrs. Gibson, as she hung up her shawl in the front entry. And Leafy went to bed with a smarting sense of injury, which would not be reasoned away.

Hiram came over early the next morning, in a new suit of shiny broadcloth, with yellow chrysanthemums in his button-hole.

"Mirandy made such a point of my dressin' up that I had to," he explained; "but I feel jest like an Injin in a tall hat. They think so much of looks, girls like Mirandy. She's goin' to wear a dress made out of some soft kind of yellow stuff; looks about as much like moonshine as anything else."

"I should think yellow would be kind of tryin' to Mirandy's complexion," said Leafy, in a hard little voice.

"She looks jest like a picture in it, Leafy. You'd ought to see her," said Hiram, enthusiastically.

"I ain't thinkin' much about clothes just now," said Leafy; and she turned back abruptly, although she had intended to walk to the end of the lane with him.

Hiram became tender, and said that he ought to have been more thoughtful, and Leafy went into the house, trying to feel, philosophically, that life ought not to be all bitter because Hiram had admired Mirandy Fling in a yellow dress.

"Beats all how gawky Ashfield folks seems to me, now I've been away so long," remarked Mrs. Gibson; "pertikerlerly the men-folks. Men with stoopin' shoulders 'n' Adam's-apples can seem to carry off every-day clothes, but come to dress 'em up—"

Leafy found it a heavy day. The tears which she shed as she set the house to rights and put away her mother's belongings, which were no longer needed, were the bitterer for visions of the festivities on Turkey Hill, where Mirandy, with her young red cheeks, was standing up with Hiram.

"Mr. Small he's borrered the sorrel mare," said 'Kanah, the "chore boy," when she came down stairs the next morning. "He was in a tearin' hurry, 'n' he said you wouldn't care. He'd got to go over to Bailey's Mills, he said, 'n' his horse had gone lame."

"A'ready!" This time Mrs. Gibson said it aloud, and with emphasis. "Well, Mirandy Fling is keepin' school over to Bailey's Mills, 'n' I expect he had to carry her over."

"Hiram is welcome to borrow anything there is on this farm, 'n' he knows it," said Leafy, with spirit. But nevertheless she felt vaguely resentful that Hiram should drive Mirandy back to her school-keeping with her sorrel mare. It was a relief that Mrs. Peavy, the washerwoman, came soon, and Aunt Lucindy, in extracting from her the neighborhood gossip, seemed to have her attention withdrawn from Hiram. But while Leafy fed the chickens from the porch a disturbing bit of conversation came to her through the wash-room window.

"Them new-fangled wringers is great things," remarked Mrs. Peavy. "The agent has sold consid'able many round here. Mis' Bangs, Hiram Small's house-keeper, she hung on for him to buy one; but he said what was women-folks good for if it wa'n't to wring clothes without no machine? He said he guessed his wife would find out she'd have to. I shouldn't wonder if he was kind of snug 'n' graspin'. Smalls had that name. There was his uncle—"

Leafy walked away with her head in the air, but that afternoon she said, abruptly: "Aunt Lucindy, I've been thinkin' about your askin' me to go home with you. I believe I'll go 'n' make a little stop anyhow. Levi Moody can take care of the farm just as well without me. 'N' I wouldn't want to hurry you, but—"

"I was calc'latin' to go to-morrow anyhow," said Mrs. Gibson. "I hated to mention it for fear you'd feel kind of lonesome; but I've got to go, for I'm expectin' transients."

"'N' if Hiram comes over to-night, will you just tell him that I've got a sick headache. It's—it's as true as can be," said Leafy, swallowing a sob.

"Of course it is; you're all wore out," said Aunt Lucindy, sympathizingly. "There's a sight of upsettin' things in this world, 'n' we've jest got to do for the best, whatever our feelin's be, 'n' put our trust in a higher power. 'N' a change will perk you right up, you mark my words!"

With such mingling of pious and practical counsel did Aunt Lucindy seek to cheer Leafy's heart, while they both worked zealously to prepare for the departure.

Leafy sat up late that night, and wrote a letter to Hiram. It took a long time, for Leafy had not the pen of a ready writer, to say nothing of the fact that there are feelings too deep for utterance:

"Dear Hiram,—I take my pen in hand to tell you that things are different between you and me. You don't act as you used to, and you think Mirandy Fling is so pretty. I am 'most thirty, and the red is gone out of my cheeks, and I'm kind of plain and peaked, like my mother's folks. And I shouldn't want to think that any man was after me for what I had got, or would think so little of me that he would want me to work harder than what I've been used to. I expect men ain't like women, and it comes hard to them to keep thinking of one person, especially when she is getting old and faded. I know I ain't so smart as some that can keep school and get a prize for a bead motto at the fair, and I should not want anybody to have me just because of his word, or for any other reason than just because he set by me, as he used to. I am going home with Aunt Lucindy, and I calculate to stay all winter, and I expect"—Leafy had written hope, but her conscience forbade her to let it stand—"that you will be married by that time to somebody else. I shall not bear you a mite of ill-will, for it seems as if my eyes had been opened to see things just as they was, and I hope you will be happy, and so no more from

"Leafy Prime."

'Kanah delivered this letter to Hiram, according to orders, after the stage had rolled away with Leafy and Mrs. Gibson and the few of Leafy's household gods with which she could not bear to part. Mrs. Gibson had urged her to prepare for a long stay, declaring that "nobody could put up with Ashfield after findin' out what livin' was."

Hiram read the letter over three times before he could, as he said to himself, "seem to sense it." Perhaps Mrs. Gibson scarcely exaggerated in saying that Hiram was "as slow as stock-still." Leafy's prim little school-girl hand was plain enough, although there were many erasures, and in one place there was a blur where two tears had splashed while the ink was still wet.

Hiram was alone in the barn, and when he had "sensed" it, he groaned aloud. "Things dif'runt between her and me? They wa'n't dif'runt exceptin' that I set by her more'n more. Seems as if lovin' her was jest like the breath I drew; it couldn't be no dif'runt whilst I was alive. 'Twas surprisin' that she should think of me; her mother was always harryin' her about lookin' higher, 'n' now her aunt has been a-doin' it. I knew well enough what she was up to, 'n' now Leafy's free to go where she's a mind, I s'pose it ain't any wonder that she's sick of Ashfield 'n' me. But she might 'a' said it right out, 'n' not tried to make out that I was tired of her. Talkin' about bein' old 'n' faded! So long as she was Leafy she'd look as pretty as a rose to me, 'n' she knows it."

His shoulders looked more stooping than ever as he went into the house, and in the entry, as he caught sight of the nail on which he had been thinking that Leafy would hang her hat and shawl, he murmured: "Oh, Lord! I can't bear it! I can't, nohow!"

He had planned everything for years with a view to Leafy's coming, and now the house was full of her.

His house-keeper heard the murmur, and heard him lock himself into his room, although it was dinner-time. Mrs. Bangs, the ancient widow of an Advent preacher, looked so hard and angular that one would have thought that the milk of human kindness was dried up within her. But Mrs. Bangs had feelings.

"It's that little jade of a Leafy Prime," said her prophetic soul. "She's jilted him 'n' gone off with her aunt to find something dressed up in store clothes every day, 'n' a tall hat; that's her idee of a man. He's a thousand times too good for her, but he'll never know it, so that ain't no consolation. Here he's been chafin' 'n' chafin' because he had to tend out on them relations of his inste'd of hangin' round her, 'n' all the time she was calc'latin' to get rid of him as soon as she could 'n' be decent. 'N' he's been a buyin' 'n' buyin' 'n' hoardin' things up agin her comin', 'n' as tickled as a young one about 'em. How he did blush up, poor feller, when that wringer man tried to cheat him into buyin' one of them machines that ain't half so good as the one we've got, jest by hintin' about the wife he'd heard he was a-goin' to have, 'n' when I wouldn't let him buy one, he tried to turn off his blushin' by jokin' about women-folks workin'! Land sakes! he wouldn't a-wanted her to so much as crook her little finger, 'n' if she'd took a likin' to Bunker Hill moniment for a candle mould he'd 'a' managed to fetch it home to her. Well, it's jest as 'twas in Scripter-times—pearls that's cast before swine will be trampled under their feet."

Meanwhile Leafy, all unconscious of the unpleasing category in which worthy Mrs. Bangs in her soliloquy had placed her, was travelling, heavy-hearted, on to Great Falls and its enlivening "transients." She had worked herself up to the heroic feeling that she was going away to leave Hiram free to marry the girl he loved, and there was a certain consolation in this lofty mood, although she was vaguely conscious that she would not be able to sustain it for long.

Aunt Lucindy's surroundings at home were of an elegant character, which took up one's attention for a while.

"It ain't a mite of use to try to keep summer boarders, or even transients, without you have a stylish parlor. I laid out consid'able on this one, but I ain't never felt that 'twas throwed away," she said, proudly.

Leafy showed herself properly impressed with the brilliant Brussels carpet, the Nottingham lace curtains, and the marble-topped table in the bay-window, which held a large family Bible and a Rogers group.

"You might have jest such gentilities if you was a mind to, Leafy," Aunt Lucindy said, encouragingly.

And there was no doubt that Leafy's mind did dwell ambitiously on the glories of the stylish parlor.

Mr. Silas Tewksbury, who kept a store on the main street, was another "gentility" which, as Aunt Lucindy soon suggested, was within Leafy's reach. He was a youngish widower, who, within a month of Leafy's advent, discarded the weed upon his hat, and bought a new horse and buggy—infallible signs of serious intentions in Aunt Lucindy's view.

Leafy drove with him in the new buggy, and received his visits alone in the stylish parlor, the duties of a chaperon consisting, in Aunt Lucindy's opinion, of discreet retirement. But as Mr. Tewksbury's attentions advanced, by gradual stages, until a proposal of marriage was evidently imminent, Leafy grew coy. She had no reason to oppose to Aunt Lucindy's entreaties, except the facts that she "never did like a Roman nose, and it made her nervous to hear him crack his finger-joints." These trivialities caused Aunt Lucindy to lose her patience, and say that "after all, there was folks in Ashfield that was good enough for a girl that hadn't no more sense."

"Too good," Leafy replied, unwittingly coinciding with the worthy Mrs. Bangs.

Leafy had but few close friends in Ashfield, owing to her long attendance upon her mother's sick-bed, and those few were but little given to correspondence, therefore news from home, excepting Levi Moody's profit and loss accounts, was scanty. Mrs. Gibson heard in some way that Mirandy Fling had given up her school because she was going to be married, and the next morning Leafy came down stairs with red rims around her eyes, and said, "perhaps she might as well marry Mr. Tewksbury, for it didn't matter what became of her."

It happened that Levi Moody came that very day to give an account of his stewardship. It was March, and the ice was already going out of the river, and there were prospects of an early spring, and there were questions of ploughing and planting to be settled.

Leafy talked about those matters at random; she wished to hear the Ashfield news without betraying the source of her eagerness. She plied him with roundabout questions as he sat eating his dinner after the transients had gone.

"You hain't heard about Hiram Small?" he inquired, after many fruitless efforts on Leafy's part. "Well, he got kind of run down, with one thing 'n' another. Married? Well, I rather guess he ain't," with a look that brought the color to Leafy's cheeks. "There ain't nobody that would be so dretful ready to have him jest now, I guess. You see, Eli Graves cheated him out of that saw-mill that they'd been lawin' it over so long, 'n' then Quimby & Son failed, 'n' he lost a sight by them, 'n' then— You heard about his bein' took up? No? Well, I swum! It beats all how fur out of the world you be! You see, Eli Graves's barn was sot a-fire—burned up barn 'n' house 'n' all—'n' 'twas jest after loud words had been heard betwixt him 'n' Hiram. Folks wouldn't listen to nothin' Eli said about it bein' Hiram that done it till they found a piece of glass clost by the gate that jest fitted into Hiram's broken lantern. Then there was tracks in the barn-yard that jest fitted Hiram's boots. Eli put one thing 'n' another together, 'n' had him took up. He got bailed, of course; there's folks that won't hear nothin' to it. But things is agin him, 'n' there 'tis. He always had a good name, 'n' was a perfesser; but some thinks them's jest the kind. 'N' anyhow when a man loses his proputty, 'n' things goes wrong with him ginrally, he gets kind of bitter, 'n' there ain't no tellin' what he won't do."

Leafy slipped out of the room, and Mrs. Gibson drew a long breath.

"I ain't one to rejoice at nobody's misfortunes," she said; "but I'm glad to have Leafy hear that Hiram Small ain't what he'd ought to be. I expected nothin' but what you was goin' to fetch the news that he'd had a fortune left him, or been elected Repersentative, things does go so cont'ry with me. Now I expect there's some chance of my ridin' through Great Falls in my niece's carriage."

"You don't say," remarked Levi, pausing with his saucer of tea midway to his mouth.

"I want you to hurry, Levi," said Leafy, appearing all dressed for a journey. "I'm going home with you, and we *must* catch the train."

"Leafy, something has flew to your head; you don't know what you're a-doin'!" cried Aunt Lucindy.

"You always said Hiram was after my money. He has got to take it now, whether he'll have me or not," said Leafy, half hysterically, as she hurried Levi Moody out of the house.

"It's middlin' slushy, with the roads breakin' up 'n' all," hazarded Levi, with a regretful glance at his dinner.

But this was of no more avail than Mrs. Gibson's frantic remonstrances.

Leafy reached home at eight o'clock of a rainy evening, and she set a light in the front-room window before she took her things off. Hiram saw it, and walked the floor; but he did not go over.

"He ain't one to go in disgrace to a girl that jilted him when he had a good name," said Mrs. Bangs when she saw the light.

At ten o'clock there was a knock at the door, and when Hiram opened it there stood Leafy, dripping, and heavy with mud.

Mrs. Bangs was a good woman, but perhaps it would be too much to expect that she should wholly forsake the crack in the sitting-room door; and she heard a voice with a painful catch in it say:

"I thought I could—but—I can't—anyhow—stand it—for you to have anybody else, Hiram!"

Mrs. Gibson received wedding cards even before the news of the trial at which Hiram was acquitted. She made a transient her confidant in this hour of trial: "If I'd said a word mebbe I might have stopped it; but I wa'n't never one to meddle with courtin'. I made up my mind not to say a word against him to her, 'n' I never did. If he'd come to riches or great things, anyhow, I should know what to make of her, but to go tearin' down there a-throwin' herself at his head because he'd been took up for settin' a barn a-fire—"

THE PAST LOVE.

I hate the bronze leaves and the red,
And that pale flower with fluttering stalk
That lined the shadowy poplar walk
Where our first words of love were said.

We loved; the corn was in the ear;
Gay hunters made the hill-sides ring;
And, oh, love seemed a beauteous thing,
And all we sighed for close and near!

I hate the woodlands spicy smell,
Through whose wild sweets at dusk we strayed,
Arm linked in arm, by rock and glade,
While the heart whispered, "All is well!"

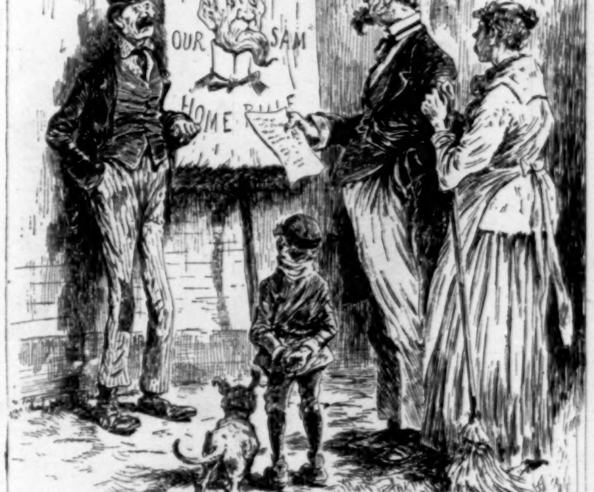
Was mine the fault that love was brief—
The wonder of a matchless day
Whose glory dimmed and died away
Like the red color on a leaf?

Was mine the fault that all that flame
Passed as a breath and ceased to be?
Heirs of a fruitless hope were we;
Worthy of pity more than blame.

We parted; and the icy gust
Stripped the dull forest's withered plume,
And cast it through the echoing gloom
In purple fringes mixed with dust.

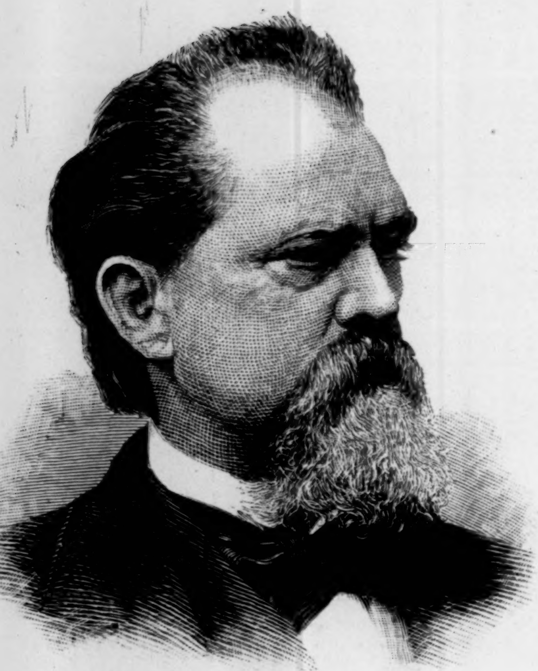
Let winter sweep the desolate aisles,
And make their stones his winnowing floor.
Nay, let the green spring come once more
And light it with immortal smiles!

Dora Read Goodale.

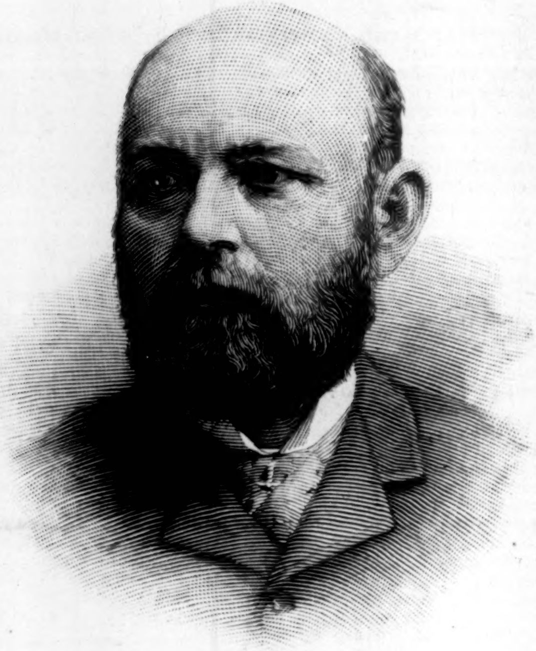


TRANSPARENT.

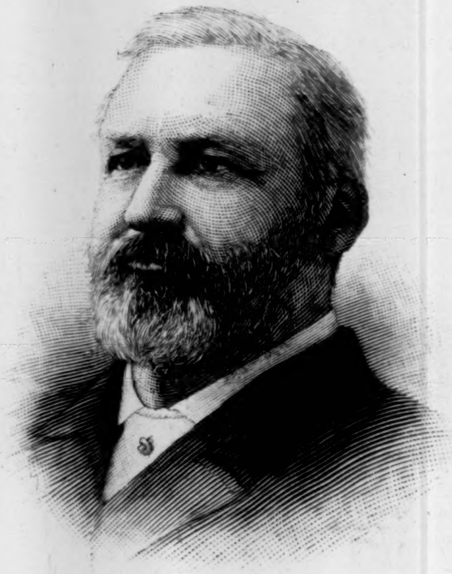
"It's bad enough bein' defeated, an' I don't mind payin' yer two dollars fur carryin' of it, but by the great hoky poky! eight dollars fur paintin' that transpericy! Whew! no wonder they didn't want me fur Sheriff."



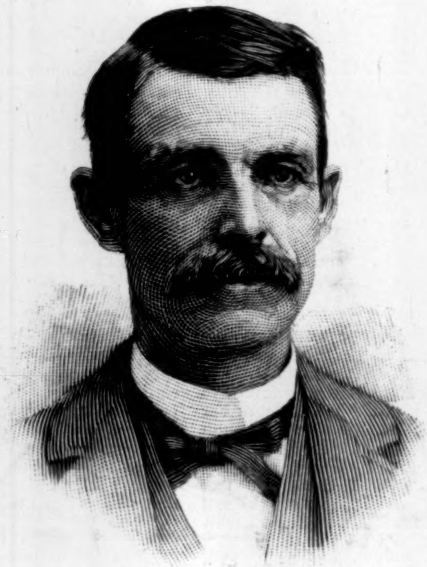
JOHN B. GORDON, SENATOR-ELECT FROM GEORGIA.
[SEE PAGE 935.]



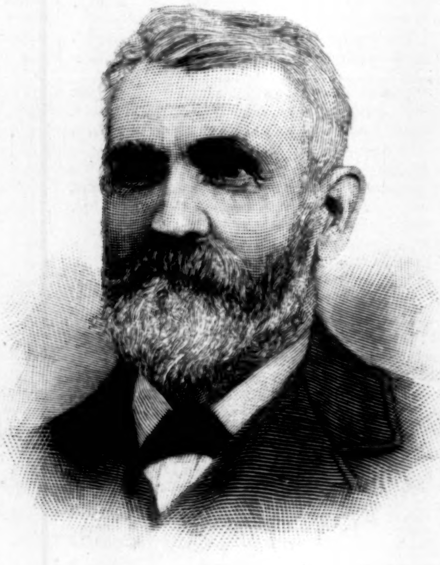
JOSEPH M. CAREY, SENATOR-ELECT FROM WYOMING.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 935.]



WILLIAM H. HATCH, OF MISSOURI.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

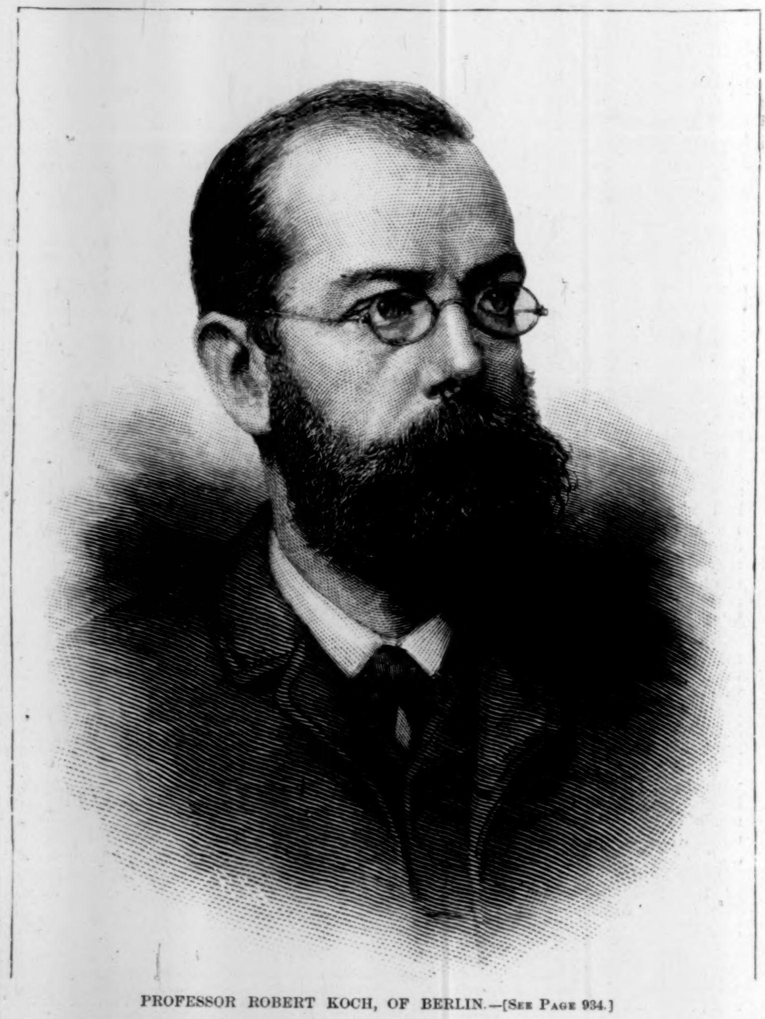


JERE SIMPSON, OF KANSAS.

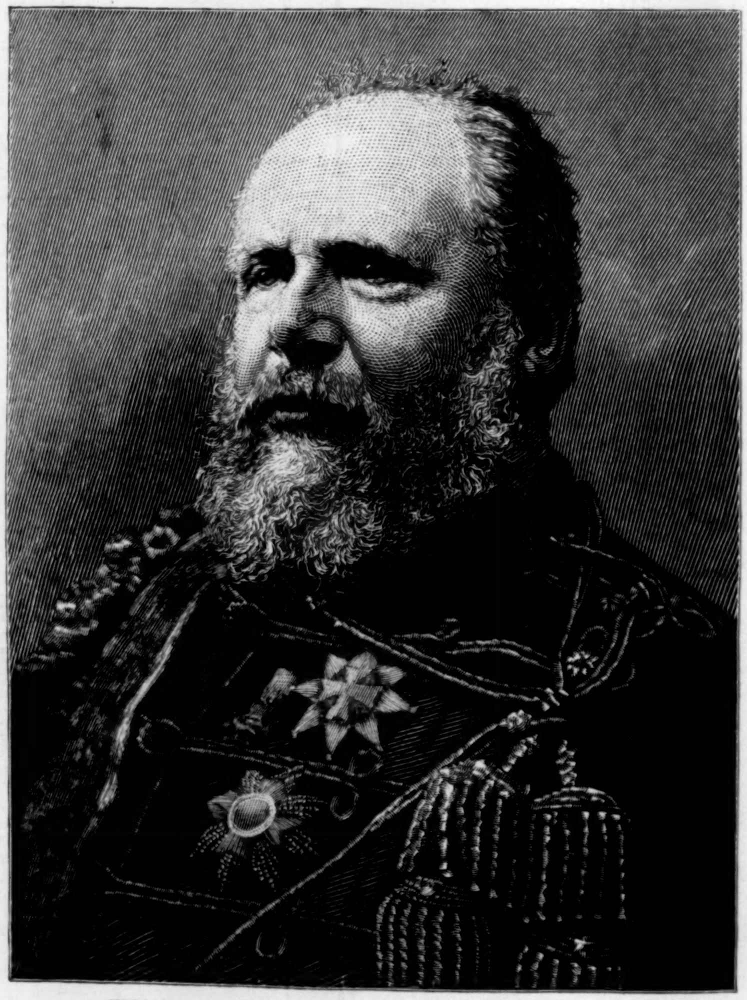


JOHN DAVIS, OF KANSAS.

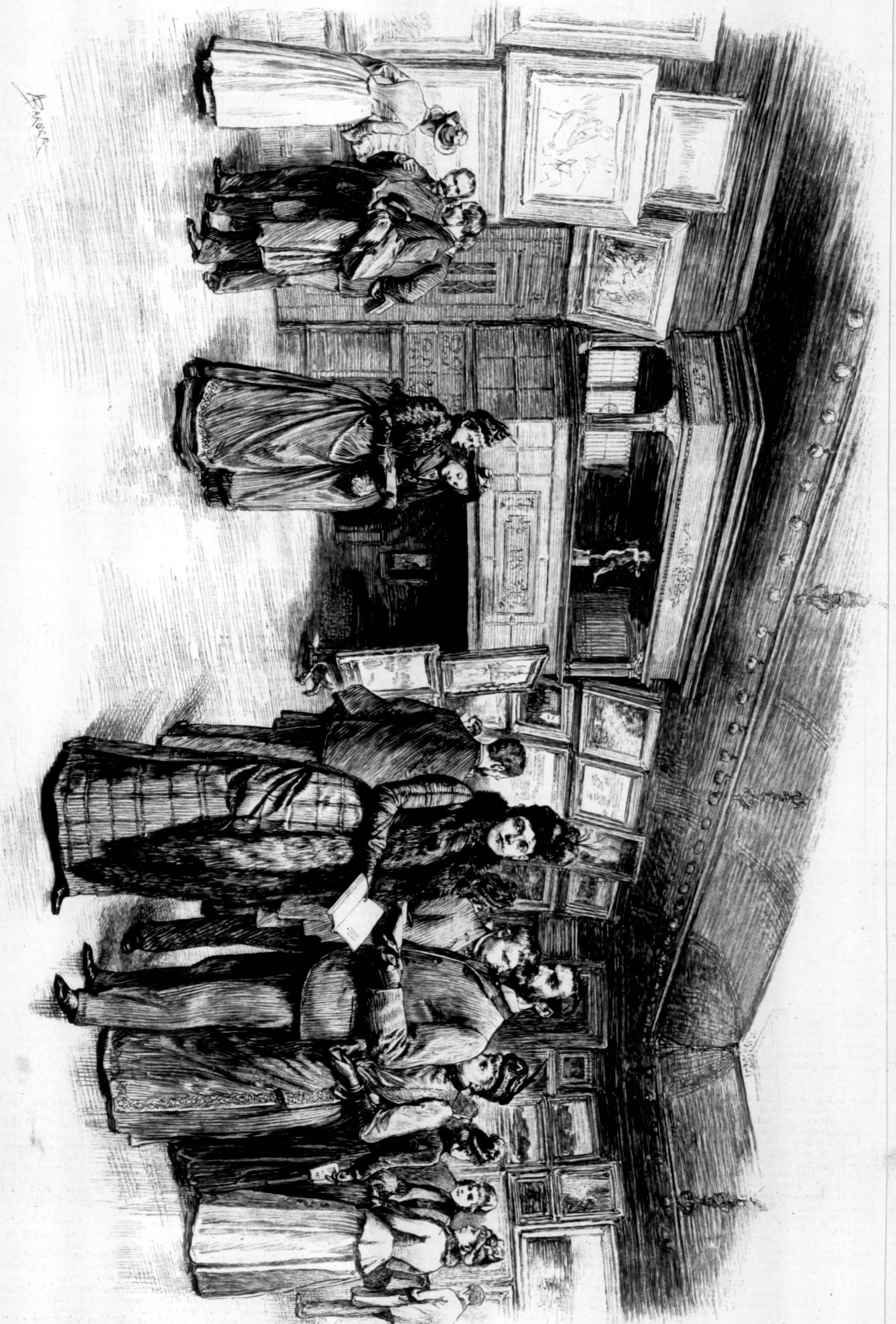
REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE IN THE WEST.—[SEE PAGE 934.]



PROFESSOR ROBERT KOCH, OF BERLIN.—[SEE PAGE 934.]



WILLIAM III., KING OF HOLLAND—DIED NOVEMBER 23, 1890.



ART GALLERY, PHILADELPHIA ART CLUB.—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.—[SEE PAGE 935.]

DR. KOCH AND HIS GREAT WORK.

ONE-SEVENTH of mankind dies of consumption. When the poet Keats, gazing on the blood he had raised, said, with firm conviction, "That drop is my death-warrant," he tragically typified the universal belief that the doom of all such as he was inexorably pronounced. The extension of a rational prospect of relief to the very large percentage of humanity who have thus resigned themselves to their fate, or who have been hoping against hope, cannot but have a most profound effect. Thus it is that the eyes of the civilized world are now turned toward the German capital, that invalids are hastening thither with feverish excitement in such multitudes that presumably adequate accommodations cannot be supplied for the majority of them, and that public hospitals and medical colleges in all lands are sending representatives to sit at the feet of the modern Hippocrates. If it shall transpire that the fruits of Dr. Koch's labors are such as the sanguine believe them to be, it would be difficult to name a man in the history of his profession entitled to a higher meed of fame than he.

But it is not well that the assurance of so pregnant an achievement should be hastily given, or that more should be assumed to have been accomplished than has been. And no one is more earnest to guard against an unwarranted feeling of confidence in the new treatment than Dr. Koch himself. Much less is actually claimed for it by him than is generally supposed, and in most cases it is to be regarded, according to his own statement, rather as an aid to well-known and long-tried means of cure than as an independent remedial measure. He says in his memorable paper published in Berlin, on November 14th, that experiences with patients have led him "to suppose that phthisis in the beginning can be cured with certainty with this remedy," but that "this statement requires limitation in so far as at present no conclusive experiences can possibly be brought forward to prove whether the cure is lasting. Relapses naturally may occur, but it can be assumed that they can be cured as easily and quickly as the first attack. On the other hand, it seems possible that, as in other infectious diseases, patients once cured may retain their immunity; but this, too, must for the present remain an open question." In part the same may be assumed for older troubles, he adds, "when not too far advanced; but patients with large cavities . . . . will probably obtain lasting benefit from the remedy only in exceptional cases." It is clearly a matter of importance that these important limitations should be widely understood. Thus thinks Dr. T. M. Prudden, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, one of the highest, if not the highest, authorities on bacteriology in America, who is a personal friend of Dr. Koch, has studied with him, and has followed his course with close attention. The indiscriminate flocking of persons in all stages of phthisis to Berlin is to be deprecated, as in many cases direct injury is likely to ensue from the rashly undertaken journey. It will be but a short time before the remedy will be brought and skilfully applied here. It should be understood also that consumption in its early stages is often curable by means hitherto in use. German records of autopsies show that one in from three to five bodies dead from other causes present evidence of latent or cured tuberculosis. Nature, under favorable conditions, has been powerful enough, aided or unaided by medical skill, to resist or throw it off. The new remedy, however effective, is but another aid to nature.

Of course it is well known that Dr. Koch's operations rest upon the truth of the proposition that tuberculosis is caused by micro-organisms or bacilli. The remedy kills the diseased but living tissues which the bacilli inhabit, but does not directly kill* the organisms themselves. They and the dead tissue must be removed if possible—by surgical means if feasible, otherwise nature must be depended upon to slowly throw them off, further incursions of the bacilli being met by renewed applications of the remedy. If the system is too enfeebled to eject the masses of dead matter, and surgical aid is impracticable, the case is presumably hopeless. The remedy is a brownish transparent liquid, which is hypodermically administered, the best place being in the back between the shoulder-blades and the lumbar region. Dr. Koch suggests the name Paratoloid as a suitable one for the liquid, which has so far been roughly termed lymph. As regards its origin and preparation, he says: "I am unable to make any statement, as my research is not yet concluded. I reserve this for a future communication." His immediate medical associates, however, are familiar with its nature, in respect to which the profession generally seem to be greatly mystified. The unreadiness to make its composition public is one of the consequences of the fact that Dr. Koch has been fairly forced to publish his recent paper before he was fully prepared. It is stated that he was impelled last summer to make a preliminary announcement at the meeting of the International Medical Congress of the important progress he had made in his great work, which he had been carrying on for many years, by intimations that others, notably French physicians, might in some way forestall him. However this may be, the importance of the result he was approaching, or had reached, created a demand for a fuller revelation that was simply irresistible. Hence the present situation, which to a less careful and thorough worker would seem full enough of success as it is, but which to Koch appears to be prematurely precipitated. He wants to be further assured as to the composition of the remedy, and as to its correct and safe production, before giving forth his formula.

When administered in the proper quantity, the injected paratoloid only affects those who are afflicted with tuberculosis. Its operation is specific in a strangely high degree. The more advanced the disease in the individual, the more susceptible is he to the dose, which must be graded accordingly. Aside from its curative property therefore, the lymph, or paratoloid, is very valuable in diagnosis. It will, it is claimed, seek out and find the tuberculous tissue in whatever part of the system it may be, and reveal the fact; and it will tell with equal surety that the disease is nowhere present, if such be the case. Lupus is a form of tuberculosis that appears on the skin, and the action of the remedy upon it can be directly seen. The inference that what visibly takes place on the surface similarly occurs in the lungs, whatever the after results may be, amounts almost to a certainty; and this conclusion is sustained by experiences already considerably extended. The Berlin physicians who have aided and watched Dr. Koch in the treatment of his patients endorse fully all the statements he has so cautiously advanced. It is therefore probably safe to say that there is good ground for the belief that tuberculosis in its early or even moderately advanced stages has now been brought under medical control to a much greater extent than ever before, and there would appear to be no reason why hereafter in civilized communities the disease, as a rule, in any individual case should be suffered to run too long unchecked.

Medical knowledge is largely empirical, and discoveries of cures or preventives of disease have in many cases been accidental. It is said, for instance, that Jenner's discovery of the virtue of vaccination a century ago came from his attention being called to a milkmaid who had sustained an attack of cow-pox resulting from contact with an infected animal, and was not susceptible to small-pox. A tradition that cow-pox was a preventive, it seems, had previously long prevailed among the English country people. The story, whether true or not, serves for an illustration. But Dr. Koch's result appears to have been reached by long and patient labor along scientific lines, the empirical element in it at least being reduced to small proportions. It was not stumbled on. It would seem that a principle new to medical men had been established by him, though of this nothing can be said definitely until a full description of the paratoloid is furnished and its philosophy explained.

It was while Dr. Koch was a practising physician at Posen that he began his study of bacteria. He persistently accumulated knowledge of the subject by careful investigation and experiment, occasionally making suggestions as to technique through medical periodicals.

When on the 24th of March, 1882, he announced, in a paper read before the Physiological Society in Berlin, that he had discovered that a bacillus was the cause of tuberculosis, he adduced such a complete series of experiments, and was so fortified with evidence bearing on the matter generally, that his proposition was at once admitted to rest upon a firm foundation. Very little has been added since to the full knowledge he had acquired of this fact in bacteriology, which science has been largely brought into its present medical prominence through his indefatigable industry and research. Shortly after the production of this epoch-making paper he became connected with the Hygienic Bureau in Berlin, and was made Geheimrath, or Imperial Privy Councillor. Subsequently, when Europe was threatened with Asiatic cholera, Dr. Koch was placed at the head of a commission to investigate the subject. In the discharge of his duties he went to India, and there it was that he discovered the cholera germ which he had been looking for. He conducted a course of instruction before the army surgeons in Berlin. A fine large building was placed under his charge, and he was appointed Professor in the University. He enriched the science of medicine with a quick method of diagnosing cholera, thus notably increasing the means of preventing its spread through the early detection of pioneer cases.

The rules prescribed by Koch for verifying the micro-organism or bacterium of a stated disease are: (1) the micro-organism must be found in the blood, lymph, or diseased tissues of a man or animal affected; (2) it must be isolated from the diseased tissue, and cultivated *in media* outside the animal through several generations; (3) a pure cultivation thus obtained, when introduced in a healthy animal, must produce the disease in question; and (4) in the inoculated animal the same micro-organism must be found. The fulfilment of these conditions would not seem to leave any room for doubt as to what caused the disease in the previously healthy animal inoculated, or as to its future recognition. His other occupations have not diverted Dr. Koch from his efforts, having discovered the tubercle bacillus, to find a means of ending its ravages. All these years he has been prosecuting a quest for a remedy, chemical or otherwise, with the results recited above so far as made known. It is rare that an important step in advance in the science of medicine has met with so little antagonism as the present one. Both Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood and Jenner's facts as to vaccination had to contend with pronounced and long-continued opposition. But with regard to Koch, the general feeling among those who for lack of experimental knowledge are not yet ready to accept his conclusions, is one of respectful expectancy. This is a most significant tribute to the confidence inspired by his known methods, especially as the composition of his remedy is not set forth, and as there is apparently no precedent for its mode of action. For the time being, the more dubiously regarded achievements of Pasteur and his school are completely obscured, outside of France at least.

Robert Koch, who was the third in a family of thirteen children, was born in 1844 in Clausthal, in the then kingdom, now province, of Hanover. His father was a mining engineer of note in the Harz Mountains. He was educated in the high-school of his native town, and at the University of Göttingen. When a boy he was fond of study and observation of nature, and in his second year in the university wrote an essay that won a prize in a competition with hundreds of contestants who were his seniors. While at work he is all student, and applies himself with native energy of character to what he has in hand. But when his work for the time is over he is one of the most agreeable, genial, and human of companions. Ample testimony to this fact is borne by those who have left the laboratory with him for a tour of recreation, and if a beer-garden stopped the way, its facilities were neither neglected nor abused. The German government does not overlook the inestimable services of such a man as Koch, and he is not likely to want pecuniarily; but a comparison of what money he might have, if he would make his name a commercial commodity, with what he receives serves well to mark the difference in one important respect between the man of science and the money-maker. It is stated in Berlin that Dr. Koch will now turn his attention to an investigation of the nature and possible cure of cancer.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

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* Other reports state that the bacilli are directly killed; if so, there is an error either in the cable transmission or translation of Koch's own paper of November 14th.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE victories gained by the Farmers' Alliance in the Northwest were among the most surprising results of the late election. To Eastern politicians they were really stunning. Few men in this part of the country had begun to realize what a genuine and what a powerful political force the Alliance had become. Even Western men, who had seen the organization growing up under their very eyes, had little prevision of its tremendous cohesive force, and little apprehension that it could possibly succeed in States or districts in which it ran an independent ticket separate from both Democrats and Republicans.

The political work of the Alliance had been conducted quietly. Their propaganda made small show of publicity. They trusted almost entirely to the perfection of their organization and the influence of their newspapers. These organs have not been generally known in the newspaper world. They are not on ordinary exchange lists, even of the largest newspapers in this city. Many of them have been founded only within the past year or two. Their circulation is almost entirely confined to the membership of the Alliance. For this very reason, perhaps, their influence has been stronger; and certainly it is for this reason that it has been unnoticed by the great majority of other newspapers.

An examination of the work accomplished by the Alliance in the Northwest in the late campaign discloses some startling facts. They may be summarized briefly as follows:

It has elected five Representatives in the Congress of the United States out of seven in Kansas, two out of three in Nebraska, and at least one in Minnesota. It almost carried its entire State ticket in Kansas, and did elect a majority of the Legislature. It almost beat Governor Merriam in Minnesota, and holds the balance of power in the Legislature of that State. It carried South Dakota. It is believed to hold the balance of power in the Legislature of Illinois. It helped to elect a solid Democratic delegation to Congress from Missouri, including several members who are supposed to be in sympathy with its legislative demands. It divided the Republican vote in Nebraska so that a Democrat was elected Governor. It gave Iowa nominally to the Democrats—State ticket and delegation in Congress. Such results, accomplished by an organization that was scarcely heard of in the Eastern States in 1888, compel surprise and interested attention.

Of the three representatives of the Alliance whose portraits are given herewith, Mr. Hatch is by far the best known. William Henry Hatch was born in Scott County, Kentucky, September 11, 1833; was educated at Lexington in the same State; and was admitted to the bar in September, 1854. In 1858, having removed in the mean time to Missouri, he was elected Circuit Attorney for the Sixteenth Judicial Circuit of that State, and was re-elected in 1860. After the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the Confederate army, was commissioned Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General, and in March, 1863, was assigned to duty as Assistant Commissioner of Exchange under the cartel, and continued in this position until the close of the war. After the war, his first appearance in national politics was as a Representative in the Forty-sixth Congress, to which he was elected in 1878. He has served as Representative of the same district ever since. In the present Congress he is a member of the Committee on Agriculture, on the Irrigation of Arid Lands, and on the Quadro-Centennial. In the last Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. He is now a candidate for Speaker of the Fifty-second Congress not avowedly as an Alliance man, for it is not generally known whether he is actually a member of the Alliance, but on his record as a conservator of the agricultural interests. He is supposed to have the support of the Alliance men for Speaker, and if he is not elected is likely to be their leader on the floor of the House.

The other two are new men, and representatives of the Alliance pure and simple. Mr. Jere Simpson, of the Seventh Kansas District, won a most remarkable victory. The Republican majority in the district in 1888 was over 15,000. Mr. Simpson and his antagonist, Mr. Hallowell, held a series of joint debates throughout the district, which is an immense one in area, comprising no less than thirty-seven counties. The Representative-elect is a man of great power as a speaker, and has an inextinguishable fund of humor and repartee. One of Mr. Simpson's admirers thus describes the joint debate: "The Republican candidate would indulge in a spread-eagle speech, and Simpson would indulge in ridicule. This in his hands was a most effective weapon, and the smiles at 'Prince Hal's' expense undoubtedly cost him a seat in Congress."

Mr. John Davis, of the Fifth Kansas District, is a newspaper man, being the editor and proprietor of the Junction City *Tribune*. He was born in Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1826. In 1830 the family removed to Macon County, near the present city of Decatur. The father of the family was a farmer, and the sons were brought up to the same calling. John's schooling was not neglected, and he attended the Springfield Academy and the Jacksonville College. In 1851, having made a new home for himself, he married Miss Martha Powell, a sister of Major J. W. Powell, Director of the United States Geological Survey. In 1872 Mr. Davis removed to Kansas, near Junction City. Here, in 1873, he was president of the first State Farmers' Convention ever held in Kansas. In 1874 he joined the Grange, and in 1875 he became the owner of the *Tribune*, and has advocated the farmers' and laborers' cause in its columns ever since. He is a Knight of Labor, and has attended the General Convention of the Knights as a delegate several times. He is a close friend of Mr. Powderly. Twice before he has been a candidate for Congress, but was not elected. He has six sons and three daughters.

There are a number of farmers' organizations throughout the country, most of them having substantially the same objects. The National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, formed by the consolidation of the National Farmers' Alliance and Co-operative Union and the Agricultural Wheel, is the largest of all. Its principal membership is in the Southern and Southwestern States. The National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry is the old "Grange," which still has 20,000 affiliated societies. The Patrons of Industry are strongest in Michigan. The National Farmers' League is avowedly political, and is strongest at present in the Eastern States. The Northwestern Alliance has its headquarters in South Dakota, and is strongest there and in the immediately neighboring States. The Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association is the title of the Illinois organization. The tendency now is toward consolidation—co-operation having been already secured; and it would not be surprising if at the coming meeting of the Alliance at Ocala, Florida, on December 2d, several more of the minor organizations should formally join it.

These bodies all differ more or less in details, but on certain measures they are as one. From the Congress of the United States they demand—and their demands are likely to be voiced by one or other of the men whose portraits are given herewith:

1. The abolition of national banks and the calling in of their notes.

2. The issue of legal tender United States Treasury notes "in sufficient volume to do the business of the country on a cash system."

3. The free and unlimited coinage of silver.

4. The prohibition of the alien ownership of land, and the reclamation of all lands heretofore ceded to railways not now actually used by them.

5. The prohibition of speculation in agricultural products, and of dealing in "futures."

6. The restriction of government revenues to the actual expenses of the government economically administered.

7. The government control and operation of railways and telegraphs in the interests of the people.

8. The prohibition of trusts or "combines" among corporations, and of usurious interest.

The so-called "Sub-Treasury bill" is not advocated by all the farmers' organizations, and a large minority even of the big Alliance dissent from it. Still, it may be formally adopted as an Alliance measure, and urged by the Alliance Representatives in Congress. In these other demands, which constitute a pretty large programme of "reform," all the organizations are substantially agreed. Most of them, if not all of them, will be presented to the Fifty-second Congress in the form of bills, and at least two of them—free silver coinage and prohibition of alien ownership of land—have a chance of passage by the House.

A RECEPTION AT THE ART CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

The handsome building, with the fine façade, of the Art Club of Philadelphia, on South Broad Street, the first important work undertaken by Mr. Day, at once attracted attention to its architect, and in its interior arrangements for club life and exhibitions of pictures all requirements will be found to have been fulfilled. The idea of the founding of this club having been mooted in 1874, money for the erection of the present building was soon subscribed, and the club has now a membership of over nine hundred and fifty.

The purposes of the club, apart from the social side, are to advance the knowledge and love of the fine arts through the exhibition of works of art, the acquisition of books and papers for the purpose of forming an art library, to give lectures upon subjects appertaining to art, and to give receptions to those distinguished in art, literature, or politics. It may be seen at once that the scope of this club is of the widest kind. It is as a place where pictures or sculpture can be shown where the special use of this club may be found. Every year, once or oftener, works of art are placed in the club rooms, and selections are made under the direction of the House Committee and five professional artists. Members of the club have the right to exhibit their work in the club rooms, subject, however, to such regulations as the House Committee may devise, but no special privileges are allowed them. Looking over the list of members, a considerable number of painters and sculptors may be found, and in sufficient quantity to give a true artistic leaven to the whole. Taking this club under various considerations, it may be safely advanced that there is no other one like it in the United States, nor any which gives greater promise of advancing the true art interests of the nation.

The second special exhibition of the Art Club of Philadelphia opened on November 3d of this year, and will close during the first week of December. The limit to the number of pictures, some 153, with sculpture, 11 pieces, was subject only to questions of space and opportunity for a proper display. An excellent catalogue shows that this art club presents not alone the work of Philadelphia artists, but of those from all portions of the country. Of course the social aspect of just such a club as this is of much importance, but its attractiveness may be considered as rather special than general. Everybody has a right to talk pictures or horse at pleasure, but nevertheless conversation may at times take this drift, as to whether the old school might not have drawn a horse from their inner consciousness rather than realistically, as Meissonier and Detaille have sketched him. It cannot be doubted but that a club, one of whose receptions Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens shows in the illustration, does direct the attention of its members to higher topics than those usually discussed.

Philadelphia may not be so fast as is New York or Chicago, but it is an artistic centre which in a certain measure influences at least New York and Chicago, and the Art Club of Philadelphia, devoted as it is to the purification of art and its highest development, may bring about even more marked influences in the future.

THE NEW YORK FLOWER SHOW.

American society is with each succeeding year recognizing the importance of "shows" of various kinds, designed and put into operation upon a liberal and extensive scale. We have lately had the Horse Show, the finest of its kind ever seen in this country, and now that is to be followed by the Flower Show, which opened on the 24th inst. for the entire week. When one casts a mental *coup d'œil* upon the possibilities of the Madison Square Garden Building, it can be seen how great and beautiful a horticultural exhibition can be held within its walls. Thirty-one thousand square feet of floor space, divided into garden walks by thousands of plants and flowers, a roof of glass letting in air and sunlight upon the greens below, and 150 feet from the floor, make an ideal "hot-house." Such, indeed, is the ambition of the projectors of this undertaking, Messrs. Pitcher & Manda, proprietors of the United States Nurseries, situated at Short Hills, New Jersey, which have attained, of late years, a degree of expansion as rapid as it is remarkable. To these gentlemen's business energy, enterprise, and enthusiasm for the art side of their business, and their ambition to provide a valuable kindergarten in horticulture, are due the success and beauty of this year's Flower Show. Mr. James R. Pitcher is a business man with a pronounced taste for horticulture and cognate pursuits, and originally established these great nurseries for his own pleasure and recreation; finding his interest increasing in them to such an extent, he called in as partner Mr. W. Albert Manda, formerly curator of the Botanic Gardens at Harvard University. Under this gentleman's skill and care their enterprise has grown to be the most extensive of its kind in this country. Their nurseries are conveniently situated near the railway station at Short Hills, and comprise thirty-one greenhouses, besides ten in the course of erection, which, with the greenhouses of their European branch, make a total of over 90,000 square feet of glass roofing, containing more than half a million tropical plants, and representing an invested capital of $500,000. The European branch of the United States Nurseries is located at Hextable, Swanley, Kent, England, and in charge of Mr. A. G. Manda, a brother of the junior partner; it comprises six greenhouses, and in addition a nursery for American hardy perennials, from which are distributed throughout all Europe all new plants of American origin. Messrs. Pitcher & Manda have brought into requisition for this Flower Show their entire American and foreign collections, as well as the markets of the world, to make this the grandest horticultural display ever held in this country.

So extensive is the collection of the United States Nurseries that even in this huge building only a portion of their possessions can be shown. Hardy perennials are coming so rapidly to the front, they being well adapted to so many purposes, that an unusually large and interesting exhibit of this variety will be shown. Formerly we were accustomed to look upon the pæonias, iris, phlox, primrose, poppies, and sunflowers as the only varieties, but now each one of these classes is represented by hundreds of choice named hybrids, which are very superior to the ordinary species. The United States Nurseries have over eleven hundred species and varieties of these perennials, and of some varieties as many as 20,000 plants.

Among the plants of special interest, not so much on account of their beauty, but more particularly for their application to domestic and commercial economy, public attention has been drawn to the following very choice and instructive plants:

Cuphea llaval, a new species, remarkable for the combination of coloring which exists in the flower, viz., white, blue, and red, the only flower known to present this combination.

Telegraph plant (*Desmodium gyrans*). The lateral leaflets of this plant move in bright sunshine up and down, as well as sidewise, by jerks, hence its name.

Guava-tree (*Psidium cattleyanum*), from the fruit of which is manufactured the gauva jelly.

Tea plant (*Thea bohea*). The leaves are upon every breakfast table.

Coffee plant (*Coffea arabica*). The berries are familiar objects, and their fluid extract an article of universal use.

Banana plant (*Musa cavendishii*). The fruit is seen at every corner.

Pineapple (*Ananassa sativa*).

Caoutchouc (*Cephalonia elastica*). We know it in our rubber shoes and waterproofs.

Pomegranate (*Punica granatum*).

Papyrus (*Cyperus papyrus*), from the stems of which the Egyptians made the papyrus.

Olive plant (*Olea europæa*); black pepper (*Piper nigrum*); sugar-cane (*Saccharum officinarum varviolaceum*); camphor-tree (*Laurus camphor*); cinnamon-tree (*Cinnamomum vera*); banyan-tree (*Ficus indica*), cocaine plant (*Erythroxylon coca*); quinine plant (*Cinchona officinalis*).

Such interesting specimens as Venus's fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*), whose leaf is divided into two parts, each furnished with several bristles, and when they are touched by insects they close until the insect is dead, when they open their jaws for another meal; the traveller's-plant (*Ravenala madagascariensis*), which stores the sheaths of the leaf-stalks with water for use by the thirsty traveller, hence its name; and the sensitive-plant (*Mimosa pudica*), whose leaves, when touched, close, and remain so for three or four hours. All of these are novelties, and are highly attractive to the public.

Of palms, known as the royal family of plants, and of which the main forests of the tropics consist, the display embraces specimens from six inches to twenty-five feet high, including many unique and rare plants. In culture for decorative purposes on festive occasions, these plants, with their deep green leaves and graceful forms, have no equal. Then there are numerous varieties of the pitcher-plants, commonly called the insectivorous plants, a curious and wonderful production of nature; some have trumpet-like leaves, while others have pitcher-like terminations on their leaves, both of which serve to attract the insects, which descend and get drowned in the liquid which generally forms in the pitcher. In all there are some nineteen varieties of this remarkable plant. Every one is acquainted with the favorite maiden-hair ferns with their delicate grace and beauty, and with other ferns for decorative fancies; but rarely have such ferns been seen as are now on exhibition; some of them are hundreds of years old, specially imported from the different islands of Australasia for this exhibition. They form large stem-like trunks covered with a head of handsome arching fronds.

Of all the plants or flowers which command the loving attention and interest of the public, the orchid and chrysanthemum are easily first. The orchid is a strong favorite because of its delicate and beautiful bloom, strange shapes, and rich perfume, having a particularly æsthetic value for weddings or dinner parties. As a rule, orchids are not more expensive than good roses or other desirable plants, although there are specimens valued at $1000 that easily rest in a teacup. Still good collections can be purchased at the United States Nurseries for from $2 to $5 per plant, and are quite successfully cultivated with roses, palms, ferns, and similar plants. Of the cypripediums—those beautiful and interesting orchids commonly known as lady-slippers, owing to the peculiar formation of the flower—there are in all on exhibition ten notable varieties. Some of the South-American specimens have long ribbon-like petals reaching a length of two feet. Their lasting qualities are remarkable; the flower on the plant will remain perfectly fresh for as long as twelve weeks, and when cut, if kept in fresh water, will last a month. They are the most easily grown of all orchids, and are special favorites with the amateur cultivator because of their beautiful foliage and free-flowering qualities. After the frost has devastated all the beauties of the summer garden, and long before greenhouse plants are in flower, the flower queen of autumn is in her glory—from October to December. More than a century ago chrysanthemums were introduced into European culture, at which time only a few varieties were known, none of which are now cultivated, having been discarded for superior varieties which have been raised or imported from time to time.

The original of all the chrysanthemums at present under cultivation is supposed to be a plant with a yellow, rather small flower, from which at present we have all colors represented save the blue, and all sizes from half an inch to thirteen inches in diameter. Chrysanthemums are not classified by their color or size, but according to the shape of their petals, and the manner in which they are arranged. Thus the small-flowered varieties are classed as pompons; those with full centres and long outer petals as anemone-flowered; those with regular uncurved or reflexed petals are known as Chinese; while the largest class at present is the Japanese. These have the largest flowers, sometimes regular, but often irregular in shape, presenting great variations, and are favored above all other varieties because of their size and beauty.

Among the most noted of this variety is the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, for which Messrs. Pitcher & Manda gave $1500, the highest price ever paid for a chrysanthemum. It is the finest of all chrysanthemums, pure white in color, perfectly uncurved, and covered all over with a silk-like hair, which gives it a most delicate and beautiful appearance. This variety, however, necessitates being grown under glass. The chrysanthemum belongs to the very extensive order Compositæ, or daisy flowers. In its cultivated form it existed in China, Japan, and Corea probably 2500 years ago, and is said to be mentioned in the "Li-Ki" of Confucius, 500 B.C. The Chinese value it very highly; in fact it is their "national flower," and with their usual untiring patience and skill they have brought it to a wonderful state of perfection, often training it into all kinds of fantastic shapes, such as pagodas, horses, stags, etc., sometimes, it is said, going so far as to construct life-sized effigies of their national heroes with the flowers of the chrysanthemum. It is also the popular favorite in Japan, where it is called the "Ki-ku," and where it has been chosen as the crest of the imperial family, and is used on the official seal. Some idea of its popularity in this country may be understood when the fact is stated that Messrs. Pitcher & Manda cut and distributed in one week 60,000 chrysanthemums!

One of the novelties of the Flower Show is the two handsomely furnished rooms at the Fourth Avenue end of the amphithéatre. They are each 30 feet square, formed of the tapestry and curtain decorations, and surrounded all over on the outside by a mass of foliage, hiding them completely from view. One of them is a drawing-room, decorated as for a wedding reception, to illustrate the possibilities with flowers for such occasions. The other is a dining-room, the table set with the finest damask, and services of costliest silver and glass. Both of these are furnished by Mr. John Mason, a gentleman of taste and discrimination in such matters, and the floral decorations are looked after by Mr. Merritt, of the Klunder Company. Mr. Mason has had the glass-ware specially designed and cut for this exhibition; he also exhibits a case of enamelled orchids and chrysanthemums of his own manufacture, enamelled on 18-carat gold, and so closely do they resemble the natural flower that it is difficult to distinguish them apart. These displays have proved the star feature of the exhibition, and both these rooms are sure to be crowded during the entire week.

Messrs. Pitcher & Manda deserve the thanks of the community for the unselfish devotion and untiring zeal which they have displayed in making their show a grand popular success. In making their show popular and entertaining they have had the invaluable advice and assistance of Mr. James W. Morrissey, the general business manager of the Madison Square Garden Building. It seems to make no difference to Mr. Morrissey whether he estimates the abilities of *tenori e soprani*, or discusses with some legal luminary whether a *Saccharum officinarum varviolaceum* was held over Judge O'Brien's head in the Sugar Trust decision, or with the writer as to the properties as a nerve tonic of *Erythroxylon coca* for theatrical managers on one-night stands, when there is a "killing frost" on the business. Mr. Morrissey is always the same, always filled with an ardor and business energy which is as delightful to meet with as it is rare. In fact no show would seem to have a show in that building without his zealous co-operation.

Harry P. Mawson.

SENATOR CAREY, OF WYOMING.

The new Senator from Wyoming, the Hon. Joseph M. Carey, of Cheyenne, was born in Sussex County, Delaware, January 19, 1845. He attended the common schools of his State, and afterward the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute and Union College. He entered the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and was graduated therefrom and admitted to the Bar in 1867. In 1869, upon the organization of that Territory, he was appointed United States Attorney for the Territory of Wyoming. Two years later he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming, and resigned his office of Attorney. He remained on the bench until 1876, serving meanwhile, from 1872 to 1876, as a member of the United States Centennial Commission. In 1881 he was elected Mayor of Cheyenne, and served three terms. In 1884 he was chosen Territorial Delegate to Congress, and has served in the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses. He is generally regarded in the new State as the father of Statehood. He had charge of the bill for the admission of Wyoming in Congress, and it was largely by his skill and perseverance that the bill was passed by both Houses. He is the recognized leader of the Republican party in Wyoming, and it is mainly owing to his talents as organizer and executive that the Republican party has grown stronger in the new State at every election. Judge Carey has found time to engage in private business, notwithstanding his constant public service for more than twenty years past. He is the owner of a large cattle ranch, owns much land and many ditches, and is also a member of a wall-paper manufacturing firm in Philadelphia. An illustration of Judge Carey's popularity was afforded when he was chosen Senator. The galleries of the Legislative Chamber were filled with "prominent citizens," and when the vote was announced that elected him, the applause was so violent that order could not be restored for nearly ten minutes.

SENATOR JOHN B. GORDON.

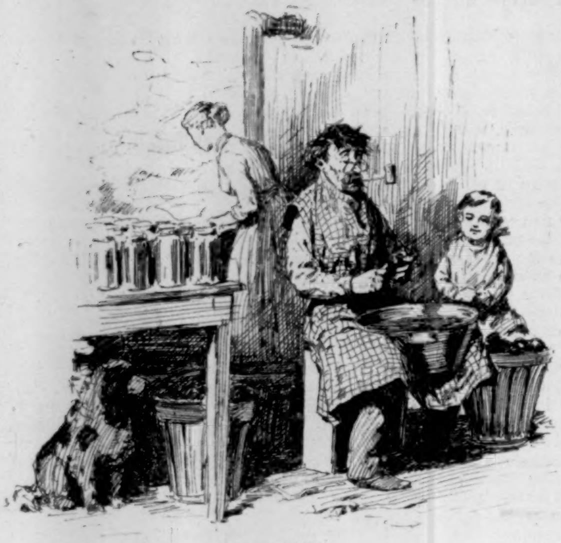
Senator Gordon is doubtless the most popular public man in the South, and he was one of the first of the old Confederate leaders to turn his back definitely upon the past, and to look forward to the development of the resources of his section of the country. He is an orator of a good deal of power, and his appeal to the patriotic men of all parties and sections to unite to put an end to the strife between the North and the South, maintained as it was for their own purposes by selfish politicians, was very influential. His influence has been always in the interest of peace. Ten years ago, when he was in the Senate, it was probably true of him that at that time he had done more than any one else to convince the North that the South accepted the consequences of the war in good faith. He has also taken part personally in the Southern industrial movement, and has been an important figure in the inauguration and maintenance of new enterprises.

Senator Gordon is a native of Georgia, having been born in Upson County fifty-nine years ago, on the 6th of February. He is a graduate of the University of Georgia. He was admitted to the Bar, and practised law until the war broke out, when he became a Captain in the Confederate army. His achievements on the battle-field, his many wounds, and the devotion of his wife to him, make a story which has been often told. It is one of the romances of the war of the rebellion. His exploits at Petersburg placed him in the first rank of living soldiers. His division fired the last gun before General Lee's surrender.

In 1868 he made his first appearance in politics. He ran for Governor of the State, but was defeated by his Republican opponent.

He was first elected to the Senate in 1873. He served out his term, and from 1877 to its close was friendly to the administration of President Hayes, and yet retained the confidence and respect of his own party.

Senator Gordon was elected for a second term in 1879, but in 1880 he resigned his seat in the Senate in order to engage in some railroad enterprises. Tempting business offers were made to him, and he quitted politics for a time in order to repair his shattered fortunes. His recent election to the Senate was at one time doubtful on account of the opposition of the Farmers' Alliance, which is very powerful in Georgia. Governor Gordon invited and met the hostility of the new party, and overcame it. His term as Senator begins on the 4th of next March.



FARMING.

XIII.

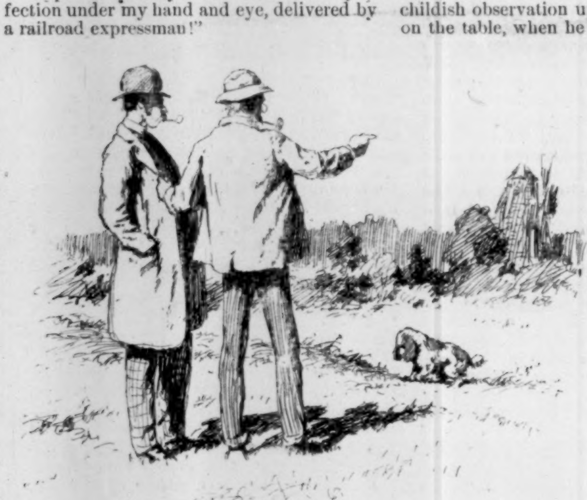
WHEN the year had reached that period at which the provident house or flat wife begins to realize that it is time to put up the winter things, as the preserves are usually called, I hailed an itinerant vender, and purchased several bushels of tomatoes and a few baskets of currants. Then we all set to work, and in the course of a couple of days were the happy possessors of about fifty two-quart jars of tomatoes, possibly the same number of goblets of jam, while all the claret and beer bottles stood in a row, like so many ill-assorted soldiers, filled to their very corks with catsup.

"When Jack comes out next Saturday we might tell him we got these things right *on* the farm," said Phillada.

"No," I replied; "for the simple reason that I would not pervert the truth in such a matter. It would be more seemly to say, methinks, that we got them right *off* the farm, and then he will, of course, think they are of our own raising. But which train will Jack come on?"

"I think on the four o'clock."

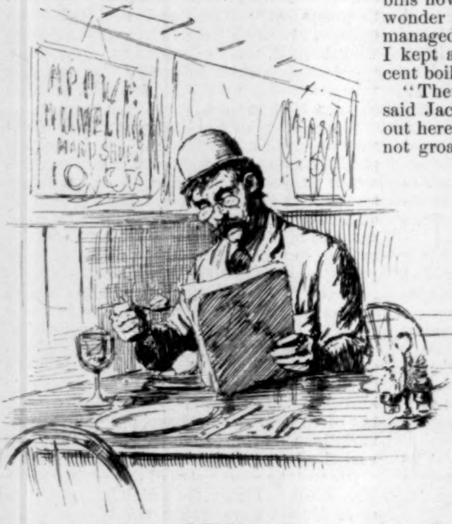
"I must remember that," I said, reflectively, "that I may have my brother send out the new corn, potatoes, and cauliflower from the city on the noon train, and have it safely housed before our guest arrives. How mortifying it would be to have him, while sitting on the porch, observe the delicacies, which he is supposed to fancy were rounded into perfection under my hand and eye, delivered by a railroad expressman!"



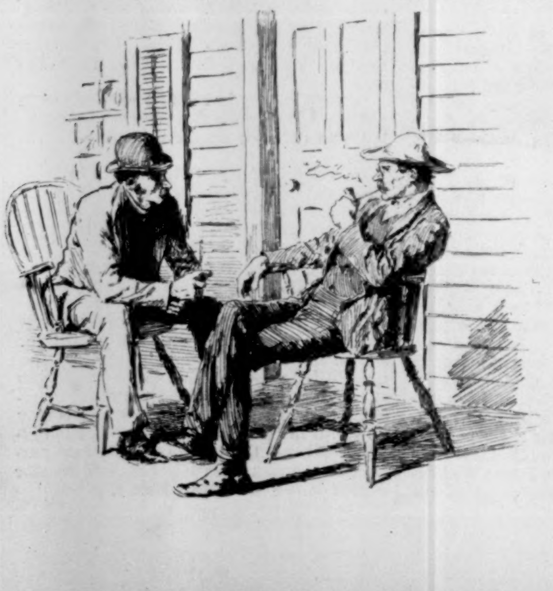
Jack was one of our oldest and dearest friends, who was always as glad to see us as we were to see him. He was not one of the class of city folks that will go into the rural districts to visit a friend only at those periods of the year when Nature is resplendent in her most alluring robes.

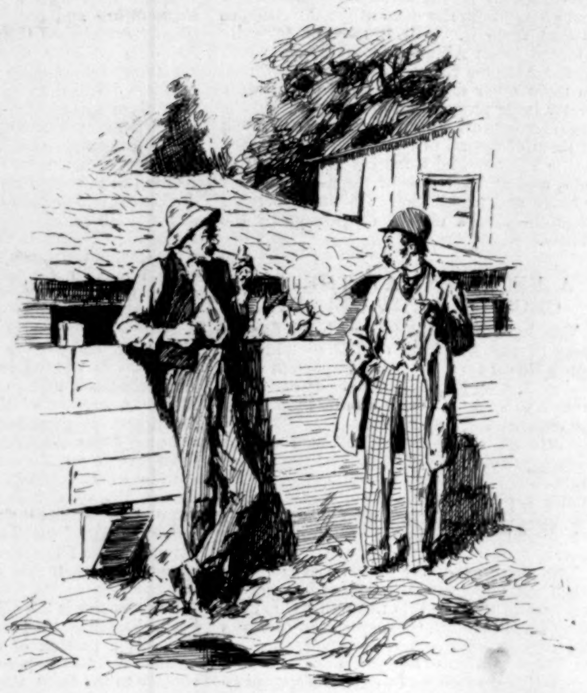
Consequently we were delighted to see him, and he and I were very happy chatting on the porch, while puffing from our pipes great opalescent garlands of the moth exterminator, which, dispensed by the Cranberry Corners grocer in fancy packages bearing the picture of a rampant Indian in full war-paint, was, as a general thing, seriously regarded by the purchaser as tobacco.

Just as we were discussing the conditions of the crops, I saw a cloud of dust down the road, and asked Jack if he wouldn't like to look at our fine old Dutch windmill, that he might be out of the way while the expressman drove up to deliver the country produce purchased in Washington Market.



I have no distinct idea at this late day of the impression the windmill made upon my city friend, but I have a most vivid recollection of the sensation we experienced when we sat down to dinner, and Philip made some childish observation upon discovering beans on the table, when he had heard me say repeatedly that the beans had proved such a dismal failure that we would have to purchase some during the winter, or banquet upon solitary pork. At various other intervals Philip displayed his great precocity in a manner that left no doubt as to the brilliant future. He was probably more communicative upon that occasion than he ever will be again, and I do not imagine that anything could have distracted him but pie at a time when our dessert consisted of muskmelon. Phillada and I laughed heartily at all these remarks to rob them of the appearance of truth, and to send our friend back with such a glowing description of Dove's Nest that no one would for an instant imagine that we were not in clover in every sense of the term.





When the dinner had been cleared away, and we were once more out on the porch, blowing airy smoke wreaths of the moth exterminator through our noses, I burst into a pastoral rhapsody, which I rounded off with the declaration that I should never think of leaving the country for the town, unless business or my health should make such a change imperative.

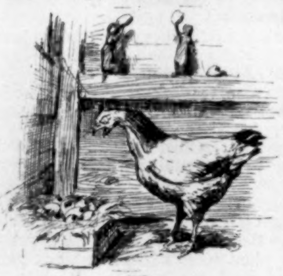
"Your health should certainly be good, out in this bracing atmosphere," he said, enthusiastically.

"Good!" I exclaimed; "I guess it is good! I never knew what health was before. Why, I can go to bed at 8 P.M., and sleep like a top until 7 A.M., and I have an appetite that I could never satisfy on a city income. I have no drug or doctor bills now; and I often wonder how I ever managed to live when I kept a set of books and lunched on ten-cent boiled apple-dumplings."

"There is nothing like being satisfied," said Jack, philosophically. "If you like it out here, there is no reason why you should not groan when you look back upon your book-keeping experience. I think you have a lovely place."

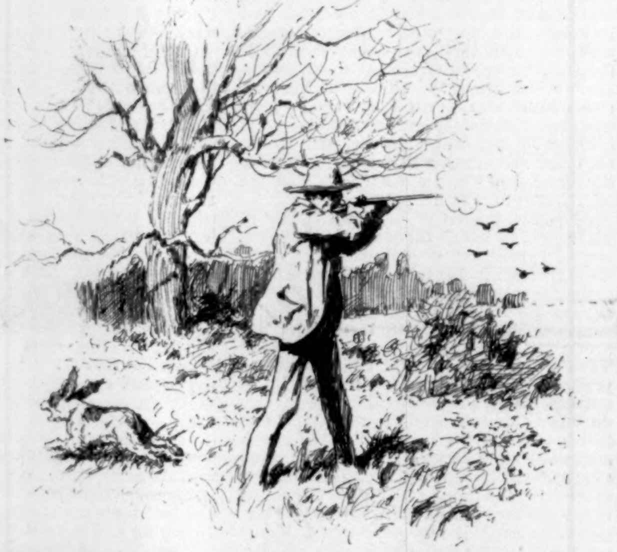
"I guess I have," I replied, while I refilled my pipe—"I guess I have, and I am satisfied and more than satisfied with the change. Of course I do have a disappointment occasionally, such, for instance, as a weasel crawling surreptitiously under the sitting hen and drifting into a rosy vision after he has sucked all the eggs. But then I have my fresh golden lettuce sparkling with dew-drops for breakfast, and nice fresh cream, and butter as fragrant as a rose; why, I couldn't begin to tell you all the luxuries I have in an abundance that is startling."

"Do you have anything in the way of recreation?" he asked. "If you have that, your life must be an ideal one."



"There is pretty good perch-fishing down in the duck pond, and— Did you hear that?"

"Yes. What kind of a bird was it?" he asked.



"A quail," I replied; "and in a month I shall be out shooting them. Shooting is splendid sport, and a very healthful exercise. Besides, if you can only get the quail, it is easy enough to find the toast."

And as we chatted of this and that, we smoked the moth exterminator, and continued our conversation, while we walked over the farm. And when I bade him good-by on Monday morning, I felt happy in the reflection that his story of my prosperity and happiness would disturb the serene smile of my friends who chaffed me good-naturedly when I folded my pots and kettles, and silently vanished from the city and its incessant hurly-burly.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

FOOLISH MARTYRS.

THERE are martyrs and martyrs. Some were wise in the loftiest, some are silly in the most improvident sense. The word improvident exactly applies to the latter class, since they neglect to provide against threatened danger. We commiserate, but we cannot respect them. Among the silliest are martyrs to rheumatism, who might have prevented daily and nightly recurring torture by the early use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a blood depurent more efficient in removing the virus of this complaint from the circulation than any thus far brought to the notice of the general community and the medical profession. It promotes greater activity of the kidneys, the channel through which blood impurities, productive of rheumatism, gout, and dropsy, are principally expelled, and it imparts a degree of vigor to digestion and assimilation which has a most favorable bearing on the general health. It also remedies biliousness, kidney troubles, and malaria.—[*Adv.*]

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BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOODLANDERS," "A LAODICEAN," "WESSEX TALES," ETC.

PRELIMINARY.

THE President looked from the window at the descending snow, and broke the silence by saying that though the Club had met it had not parted, nor did he see how it was going to part. Such were the risks of a winter meeting.

The Treasurer observed that they had at least a roof over their heads.

Unhappily, however, according to the Secretary, there were no more papers to read.

The announcement hardly caused a sigh among the members, and one murmured that perhaps that could be endured. There was another silence, and the assembled company drew nearer to the blaze, whose shine danced alertly over the strange objects around the room—fossils, urns, barbaric ornaments, skulls, heraldic emblems in old glass, ancient clocks and watches, costumes, illuminated manuscripts, and musty local records.

The Mid-Wessex Field and Antiquarian Club, like many other such bodies in various parts of England, existed ostensibly for the study of ancient monuments and natural history, but really for the delightful accessories of that study, in the shape of numerous picnics in the open fields during the summer months, when the ordinary meetings were held at intervals of a few weeks. But for every summer there is a winter; sometimes a winter and a half; and it was a custom for the Club, during the long dark months of that season, to come together once at some central town, about Christmas-time, for the transaction of business, as it was called, the chief item of which consisted in getting through papers and essays on the drier and more abstruse subjects of discussion, which could not be digested under the blue sky of July or August.

The Club was of an inclusive and intersocial character, to a degree, indeed, remarkable for the part of England in which it had its being—dear, delightful Wessex, whose statuesque dynasties are only just beginning to feel the shaking of the new and strange forces without, like that which entered the lonely valley of Ezekiel's vision, and made the dry bones move; where the honest squires, gentle ladies, clerks, and people praise the Lord with one voice for His best of all possible worlds.

The present meeting had been held at the Museum, an old chocolate-brick house of early Georgian date, with heavily moulded sash bars, festooned chimney-pieces, deep cornices, and ponderous flights of stairs—doubtless the residence formerly of some opulent burgher, whose name has long since perished, except as an unidentified one in the roll of bailiffs or mayors.

The members had lunched, and had returned to the afternoon sitting, when the snow had come on in such overpowering masses that the streets without had grown knee-deep in its fleeciness during the reading of the last paper. It was only three o'clock, but the shortness of the day and the adhesion of the flakes to the window-panes so obscured the room that the last reader had been obliged to stoop to the fire-light to get at his concluding sentences.

The great majority of the members came from homes at distances varying from several miles to a few; the wealthier had driven, the poorer had walked; but one thing was obvious to all who dwelt in the more remote residences: that there was no returning to them that night without great discomfort. Those who lived at practicable distances took their leave; the town members offered beds to some of the remainder, and others sent to the inns for accommodation. This matter being settled satisfactorily, and the interval to dinner or supper being a long one, the residue of the Club again drew round the fire. The deepening darkness without threw up the illuminated skulls, urns, penates, tesseræ, costumes, coats of mail, weapons, and missals into still greater relief, animated the fossilized ichthyosaurus, the iguanodon, and the enormous tusks of the *Elephans meridionalis;* while the dead and sunken eyes of the stuffed birds—those never-absent familiars in such collections, though murdered to extinction out-of-doors—flashed as they had flashed to the rising sun above the neighboring moors on the fatal morning when the trigger was pulled which ended their little flight.

The door opened, and a snow-spattered waiter from a neighboring inn entered with some bottles of liquor and glasses, much to the surprise of the assembled party—or of all save one, the crimson-faced member who had ventured upon this experiment. His name did not transpire at the moment, and it was not a time to ask questions. The bottles and glasses were placed upon a specimen case, and the corks drawn with a pleasing sound.

A member asked if smoking was allowed.

The Curator of the Museum guardedly replied that it had never been forbidden on an occasion like the present, because such an occasion had never before arisen. The question was settled by the arguments of a scientific member, who showed that tobacco smoke would kill any noxious insect germs which might infest the stuffed specimens.

Some smoked, and some did not smoke. The snow had by this time muffled every noise in the little town outside, till it seemed as truly an abode of the dead and their implements as the Museum itself.

A sentimental member, leaning back in his chair, observed that the only desirable feature lacking to the occasion was the presence of woman; but, unfortunately, no lady members had come that day.

The President suggested that members might muse on the sex as the next best thing to conversing with them.

The Colonel added that they might also talk of them.

Though this had been said in jest, a Rural Dean who was present observed blandly that the idea might really be made use of to escape the tediousness of having nothing to do. They might very well pass half an hour in recalling legends and traditions of gentle and noble dames renowned in times past in that part of England, whose actions and passions were now, but for men's memories, buried under the brief inscription on a tomb, or an entry of dates in a dry pedigree. Another member, the old Surgeon—a somewhat grim, though sociable personage—was quite of the speaker's opinion, and felt sure that the antiquarian and historical tastes of the Club members must have supplied them with many curious tales of such fair dames, of their loves and hates, their joys and their misfortunes, their beauty and their fate. The Bookworm, the Colonel, the Vice-President, the churchwarden, the gentleman-tradesman, the sentimental member, the retired maltster, the man of family, and several others, quite agreed; and one said that as their friend the Surgeon was a man who had seen much, and heard more, perhaps he would think of something to begin with; or, if not, the Rural Dean, who had suggested the subject.

The old Surgeon said he had no objection, and the parson said he would come next. Thereupon the Surgeon reflected, and presently began to relate the history of a certain lady named Barbara, who lived toward the end of the last century, apologizing for his tale as being a little professional. He spoke more or less as follows:

I.

BARBARA,

DAUGHTER OF SIR JOHN GREBE.

BY THE OLD SURGEON.

"IT was apparently an idea, rather than a passion, that inspired Lord Uplandtowers to set himself to win her. Nobody ever knew when he formed it, or whence he got his assurance of success in the face of her manifest dislike of him. Possibly not until after that first important act of her life, which I shall presently mention. His matured and cynical doggedness at the age of nineteen, when impulse mostly rules calculation, was remarkable, and might have owed its existence as much to his succession to the earldom and its accompanying local honors in childhood as to the family character, an elevation which jerked him into maturity, so to speak, without his having known adolescence. He had only reached his twelfth year when his father, the fourth Earl, died, after a course of the Bath waters.

"Nevertheless, the family character had a great deal to do with it. Determination was hereditary in the bearers of that escutcheon; sometimes for good, sometimes for evil.

"The seats of the two families were about ten miles apart, the way between them lying along the now old, then new, turnpike-road connecting Havenpool and Warborne with the city of Melchester—a road which, though only a branch from what was known as the Great Western Highway, is probably, even at present, as it has been for the last hundred years, one of the finest examples of a macadamized turnpike track that can be found in England.

"The mansion of the Earl, as well as that of his neighbor, Barbara's father, stood back about a mile from the highway, with which each was connected by an ordinary drive and lodge. It was along this particular highway that the young Earl drove on a certain evening at Christmas-tide some twenty years before the end of the last century, to attend a ball at Chene Manor, the home of Barbara and her parents, Sir John and Lady Grebe. Sir John's was a baronetcy created a few years before the breaking out of the Civil War, and his lands were even more extensive than those of Lord Uplandtowers himself, comprising the Manor of Chene, another on the coast near, half the Hundred of Cockdene, and well-enclosed lands in several other parishes, notably Warborne and those contiguous. At this time Barbara was barely seventeen, and the ball is the first occasion on which we have any tradition of Lord Uplandtowers attempting tender relations with her; it was early enough, God knows.

"An intimate friend—one of the Drenkhards—is said to have dined with him that day, and Lord Uplandtowers had, for a wonder, communicated to his guest the secret design of his heart.

"'You'll never get her—sure; you'll never get her!' this friend had said at parting. 'She's not drawn to your lordship by love; and as for thought of a good match, why, there's no more calculation in her than in a bird.'

"'We'll see,' said Lord Uplandtowers, impassively.

"He no doubt thought of his friend's forecast as he travelled along the highway in his chariot; but the sculptural repose of his profile against the vanishing daylight on his right hand would have shown his friend that the Earl's equanimity was undisturbed. He reached the solitary way-side tavern called Lornton Inn—the rendezvous of many a daring poacher for operations in the adjoining forest; and he might have observed, if he had taken the trouble, a strange post-chaise standing in the halting space before the inn. He duly sped past it, and half an hour after through the little town of Warborne. Onward, a mile further, was the house of his entertainer.

"At this date it was an imposing edifice, or rather congeries of edifices, as extensive as the residence of the Earl himself, though far less regular. One wing showed extreme antiquity, having huge chimneys, whose substructures projected from the external walls like towers, and a kitchen of vast dimensions, in which (it was said) breakfasts had been cooked for John of Gaunt. Whilst he was yet in the fore-court he could hear the rhythm of French-horns and clarinets—the favorite instruments of those days at such entertainments.

"Entering the long parlor—in which the dance had just been opened by Lady Grebe with a minuet, it being now seven o'clock, according to the tradition—he was received with a welcome befitting his rank, and looked round for Barbara. She was not dancing, and seemed to be preoccupied—almost, indeed, as though she had been waiting for him. But Barbara at this time was a good and pretty girl, who never spoke ill of any one, and hated other pretty women the very least possible. She did not refuse him for the country-dance which followed, and soon after was his partner in a second.

"The evening wore on, and the horns and clarinets tootled merrily. Barbara evinced toward her lover neither distinct preference nor aversion, but old eyes would have seen that she pondered something. However, after supper she pleaded a headache, and disappeared. To pass the time of her absence, Lord Uplandtowers went into a little room adjoining the long gallery, where some elderly ones were sitting by the fire—for he had a phlegmatic dislike of dancing for its own sake—and lifting the window curtains, he looked out of the window into the park and wood, dark now as a cavern. Some of the guests appeared to be leaving even then, two lights showing themselves as turning away from the door and sinking to nothing in the distance.

"His hostess put her head into the room to look for partners for the ladies, and Lord Uplandtowers came out. Lady Grebe informed him that Barbara had not returned to the ballroom; she had gone to bed in sheer necessity.

"'She has been so excited over the ball all day,' her mother continued, 'that I feared she would be worn out early....But sure, Lord Uplandtowers, you won't be leaving yet?'

"He said that it was near twelve o'clock, and some had already left.

"'I protest nobody has gone yet,' said Lady Grebe.

"To humor her he staid till midnight, and then set out. He had made no progress in his suit, but he had assured himself that Barbara gave no other guest the preference, and nearly everybody in the neighborhood was there.

"''Tis only a matter of time,' said the calm young philosopher.

"The next morning he lay till near ten o'clock, and he had only just come out upon the head of the staircase when he heard hoofs upon the gravel without. In a few moments the door had been opened, and Sir John Grebe met him in the hall as he set foot on the lowest stair.

"'My lord—where's Barbara—my daughter?'

"Even the Earl of Uplandtowers could not repress amazement. 'What's the matter, my dear Sir John?' says he.

"The news was startling indeed. From the Baronet's disjointed explanation, Lord Uplandtowers gathered that after his own and the other guests' departure Sir John and Lady Grebe had gone to rest without seeing any more of Barbara, it being understood by them that she had retired to bed when she sent word to say that she could not join the dancers again. Before then she had told her woman that she would dispense with her services for this night, and there was evidence to show that the young lady had never lain down at all, the bed remaining unpressed. Circumstances seemed to prove that the deceitful girl had feigned indisposition to get an excuse for leaving the ballroom, and that she had left the house within ten minutes, presumably during the first dance after supper.

"'I saw her go,' said Lord Uplandtowers.

"'The devil you did!'

"'Yes.' And he mentioned the retreating carriage lights, and how he was assured by Lady Grebe that no guest had departed.

"'Surely that was it!' said the father. 'But she's not gone alone, d'ye know!'

"'Ah! Who is the young man?'

"'I can on'y guess. My worst fear is my most likely guess. I'll say no more. I thought—yet I would not believe—it possible that you was the sinner. Would that you had been! But 'tis t'other, 'tis t'other, by ——! I must e'en up and after 'em!'

"'Whom do you suspect?'

"Sir John would not give a name, and, stupefied rather than agitated, Lord Uplandtowers accompanied him back to Chene. He again asked upon whom were the Baronet's suspicions directed; and the impulsive Sir John was no match for the insistence of Uplandtowers.

"He said at length, 'I fear 'tis Edmond Willowes.'

"'Who's he?'

"'A young fellow of Shottsford Forum—a widow-woman's son,' the other told him, and explained that Willowes's father, or grandfather, was the last of the old glass painters in that place, where (as you may know) the art lingered on when it had died out in every other part of England.

"'By ——, that's bad—mighty bad!' said Lord Uplandtowers, throwing himself back in the chaise in frigid despair.

"They despatched emissaries in all directions—one by the Melchester Road, another by Shottsford Forum, another coastward.

"But the lovers had a ten-hours' start, and it was apparent that sound judgment had been exercised in choosing as their time of flight the particular night when the movements of a strange carriage would not be noticed, either in the park or on the neighboring highway, owing to the general press of vehicles. The chaise which had been seen waiting at Lornton Inn was, no doubt, the one they had escaped in; and the pair of heads which had planned so cleverly thus far had probably contrived marriage ere now.

"The fears of her parents were realized. A letter sent by special messenger from Barbara on the evening of that day briefly informed them that her lover and herself were on the way to London, and before this communication reached their hands they would be united as husband and wife. She had taken this extreme step because she loved her dear Edmond as she could love no other man, and because she had seen closing round her the doom of marriage with Lord Uplandtowers, unless she put that threatened fate out of possibility by doing as she had done. She had well considered the step beforehand, and was prepared to live like any other country-townsman's wife if her father repudiated her for her action.

"'D—— her!' said Lord Uplandtowers as he drove homeward that night. 'D—— her for a fool!'—which shows the kind of love he bore her.

"Well, Sir John had already started in pursuit of them as a matter of duty, driving like a wild man to Melchester, and thence by the direct highway to the capital. But he soon saw that he was acting to no purpose and by-and-by, discovering that the marriage had actually taken place, he forbore all attempts to unearth them in the city, and returned and sat down with his lady to digest the event as best they could.

"To proceed against this Willowes for the abduction of our heiress was, possibly, in their power; yet, when they considered the now unalterable facts, they refrained from violent retribution. Some six weeks passed, during which time Barbara's parents, though they keenly felt her loss, held no communication with the truant, either for reproach or condonation. They continued to think of the disgrace she had brought upon herself; for though the young man was an honest fellow, and the son of an honest father, the latter had died so early, and his widow had had such struggles to maintain herself, that the son was very imperfectly educated. Moreover, his blood was, as far as they knew, of no distinction whatever, whilst hers, through her mother, was compounded of the best juices of ancient baronial distillation, containing tinctures of Maundeville, and Mohun, and Syward, and Peverell, and Culliford, and Talbot, and Plantagenet, and York, and Lancaster, and God knows what besides, which it was a thousand pities to throw away.

“The father and mother sat by the fireplace that was spanned by the four-centred arch bearing the family shields on its haunches, and groaned aloud—the lady more than Sir John.

“'To think this should have come upon us in our old age!' said he.

“'Speak for yourself!' she snapped through her sobs. 'I am only one-and-forty!.... Why didn't ye ride faster and overtake 'em?'

“In the mean time the young married lovers, caring no more about their blood than about ditch-water, were intensely happy—happy, that is, in the descending scale which, as we all know, Heaven in its wisdom has ordained for such rash cases; that is to say, the first week they were in the seventh heaven, the second in the sixth, the third week temperate, the fourth reflective, and so on; a lover's heart after possession being comparable to the earth in its geologic stages, as described to us sometimes by our worthy President: first a hot coal, then a warm one, then a cooling cinder, then chilly—the simile shall be pursued no further. The long and the short of it was that one day a letter, sealed with their daughter's own little seal, came into Sir John and Lady Grebe's hands, and, on opening it, they found it to contain an appeal from the young couple to Sir John to forgive them for what they had done, and they would fall on their naked knees and be most dutiful children for evermore.

“Then Sir John and his lady sat down again by the fireplace with the four-centred arch, and consulted, and reread the letter. Sir John Grebe, if the truth must be told, loved his daughter's happiness far more, poor man, than he loved his name and lineage; he recalled to his mind all her little ways, gave vent to a sigh, and by this time acclimatized to the idea of the marriage, said that what was done could not be undone, and that he supposed they must not be too harsh with her. Perhaps Barbara and her husband were in actual need; and how could they let their only child starve?

“A slight consolation had come to them in an unexpected manner. They had been credibly informed that an ancestor of Willowes's had once been honored with intermarriage with a scion of the aristocracy who had gone to the dogs. In short, such is the foolishness of distinguished parents, and sometimes of others also, that they wrote that very day to the address Barbara had given them, informing her that she might return home, and bring her husband with her; they would not object to see him, would not reproach her, and would endeavor to welcome both, and to discuss with them what had best be arranged for their future.

“In three or four days a rather shabby post-chaise drew up at the door of Chene Manor-house, at sound of which the tender-hearted Baronet and his wife ran out as if to welcome a prince and princess of the blood. They were overjoyed to see their spoilt child return safe and sound, though she was only Mistress Willowes, wife of Edmond Willowes, of nowhere. Barbara burst into penitential tears, and both husband and wife were contrite enough, as well they might be, considering that they had not a guinea to call their own.

“When the four had calmed themselves, and not a word of chiding had been uttered to the pair, they discussed the position soberly, young Willowes sitting in the background, with great modesty, till invited forward by Lady Grebe, in no frigid tone.

“'How handsome he is!' she said to herself. 'I don't wonder at Barbara's craze for him.'

“He was, indeed, one of the handsomest men who ever set his lips on a maid's. A blue coat, murrey waistcoat, and breeches of drab set off a figure that could scarcely be surpassed. He had large dark eyes, anxious now, as they glanced from Barbara to her parents, and tenderly back again to her; observing whom, even now in her trepidation, one could see why the *sang-froid* of Lord Uplandtowers had been raised to more than lukewarmness. Her fair young face, according to the tale handed down by old women, looked out from under a gray conical hat, trimmed with white ostrich feathers, and her little toes peeped from a buff petticoat worn under a puce gown. Her features were not regular; they were almost infantine, as you may see from miniatures in possession of the family, her mouth showing much sensitiveness, and one could be sure that her faults would not lie on the side of bad temper, unless for urgent reasons.

“Well, they discussed their state, as became them, and the desire of the young couple to gain the good-will of those upon whom they were literally dependent for everything, induced them to agree to any temporizing measure that was not too irksome. Therefore, having been nearly two months united, they did not oppose Sir John's proposal that he should furnish Edmond Willowes with funds sufficient for him to travel a year on the Continent in the company of a tutor, the young man undertaking to lend himself with the utmost diligence to the tutor's instructions till he became polished outwardly and inwardly to the degree required in the husband of such a lady as Barbara. He was to apply himself to the study of languages, manners, history, society, ruins, and everything else that came under his eyes, till he should return to take his place without blushing by Barbara's side.

“'And by that time,' said worthy Sir John, 'I'll get my little place out at Yewsholt ready for you and Barbara to occupy on your return. The house is small and out of the way, but it will do for a young couple for a while.'

“'If 'twere no bigger than a summer-house it would do,' says Barbara.

“'If 'twere no bigger than a sentry-box,' says Willowes. 'And the more lonely the better.'

“'We can put up with the loneliness,' said Barbara, with less zest. 'Some friends will come, no doubt.'

“All this being laid down, a travelled tutor was called in—a man of many gifts and great experience—and on a fine morning away tutor and pupil went. A great reason urged against Barbara accompanying her youthful husband was that his attentions to her would naturally be such as to prevent his zealously applying every hour of his time to learning and seeing—an argument of wise prescience, and unanswerable. Regular days for letter writing were fixed, Barbara and her Edmond exchanged their last kisses at the door, and the chaise swept under the archway into the drive.

“He wrote to her from Le Havre as soon as he reached that port, which was not for seven days on account of adverse winds; he wrote from Rouen and from Paris; described to her his sight of the King and Court at Versailles, and the wonderful marble-work and mirrors in that palace; wrote next from Lyons; then, after a comparatively long interval, from Turin, narrating his fearful adventures in crossing Mont Cenis on mules, and how he was overtaken with a terrific snow-storm, which had wellnigh been the end of him and his tutor and his guides. Then he wrote glowingly of Italy; and Barbara could see the development of her husband's mind reflected in his letters month by month; and she much admired the forethought of her father in suggesting this education for Edmond. Yet she sighed sometimes—her husband being no longer in evidence to fortify her in her choice of him—and timidly dreaded what mortifications might be in store for her by reason of this *mésalliance*. She went out very little; for on the one or two occasions on which she had shown herself to former friends she noticed a distinct difference in their manner, as though they should say, 'Ah, my happy swain's wife, you're caught!'

“Edmond's letters were as affectionate as ever; even more affectionate, after a while, than hers were to him. Barbara observed this growing coolness in herself, and, like a good and honest lady, was horrified and grieved, since her only wish was to act faithfully and uprightly. It troubled her so much that she prayed for a warmer heart, and at last wrote to her husband to beg him, now that he was in the land of Art, to send her his portrait—ever so small—that she might look at it all day and every day, and never for a moment forget his features.

“Willowes was nothing loath, and replied that he would do more than she wished: he had made friends with a sculptor in Pisa, who was much interested in him and his history; and he had commissioned this artist to make a bust of himself in marble, which, when finished, he would send her. What Barbara had wanted was something immediate, but she expressed no objection to the delay; and in his next communication Edmond told her that the sculptor, of his own choice, had decided to increase the bust to a full-length statue, so anxious was he to get a specimen of his skill introduced to the notice of the English aristocracy. It was progressing well and rapidly.

“Meanwhile Barbara's attention began to be occupied at home with Yewsholt Lodge, the house that her kind-hearted father was preparing for her residence when her husband returned. It was a small place on the plan of a large one—a cottage built in the form of a mansion, having a central hall with a wooden gallery running round it, and rooms no bigger than closets to follow this introduction. It stood on a slope so solitary and surrounded by trees so dense that the birds who inhabited the boughs sang at strange hours, as if they hardly knew night from day.

“During the progress of repairs at this bower Barbara frequently visited it. Though so secluded by the dense growth, it was near the high-road, and one day, while looking over the fence, she saw Lord Uplandtowers riding past. He saluted her courteously, yet with mechanical stiffness, and did not halt. Barbara went home, and continued to pray that she might never cease to love her husband. After that she sickened, and did not come out of doors again for a long time.

“The year of education had extended to fourteen months, and the house was in order for Edmond's return to take up his abode there with Barbara, when, instead of the accustomed letter for her, came one to Sir John Grebe, in the handwriting of the said tutor, informing him of a terrible catastrophe that had occurred to them at Venice. Mr. Willowes and himself had attended the theatre one night during the Carnival of the preceding week to witness the Italian comedy, when, owing to the carelessness of one of the candle snuffers, the theatre had caught fire, and been burnt to the ground. Few persons had lost their lives, owing to the superhuman exertions of some of the audience in getting out the senseless sufferers, and among them all he who had risked his own life the most heroically was Mr. Willowes. In re-entering for the fifth time to save his fellow-creatures some fiery beams had fallen upon him, and he had been given up for lost. He was, however, by the blessing of Providence, recovered with the life still in him, though he was fearfully burnt, and by almost a miracle he seemed likely to survive, his constitution being wondrously sound. He was, of course, unable to write, but he was receiving the attention of several eminent surgeons. Further report would be made by the next mail or by private hand.

“The tutor said nothing in detail of poor Willowes's sufferings, but as soon as the news was broken to Barbara she realized how intense they must have been, and her immediate instinct was to rush to his side, though on consideration the journey seemed impossible to her. Her health was by no means what it had been, and to post across Europe at that season of the year, or to traverse the Bay of Biscay in a sailing craft, was an undertaking that would hardly be justified by the result. But she was anxious to go till, on reading to the end of the letter, her husband's tutor was found to hint very strongly against such a step if it should be contemplated, this being also the opinion of the surgeons. And though Willowes's comrade refrained from giving his reasons, they disclosed themselves plainly enough in the sequel.

“The truth was that the worst of the wounds resulting from the fire had occurred to his head and face—that handsome face which had won her heart from her—and both the tutor and the surgeons knew that for a sensitive young woman to see him before his wounds had healed would cause more misery to her by the shock than happiness to him by her ministrations.

“Lady Grebe blurted out what Sir John and Barbara had thought, but had too much delicacy to express.

“'Sure, 'tis mighty hard for you, poor Barbara, that the one little gift he had to justify your rash choice of him—his wonderful good looks—should be taken away like this, to leave 'ee no excuse at all for your conduct in the world's eyes.... Well, I wish you married t'other, that I do!' And the lady sighed.

“'He'll soon get right again,' said her father, soothingly.

“Such remarks as the above were not often made, but they were frequent enough to cause Barbara an uneasy sense of self-stultification. She determined to hear them no longer; and the house at Yewsholt being ready and furnished, she withdrew thither with her maids, where for the first time she could feel mistress of a home that would be hers and her husband's exclusively, when he came.

“In due time Willowes had recovered sufficiently to be able to write himself, and slowly and tenderly he enlightened her upon the full extent of his injuries. It was a mercy, he said, that he had not lost his sight entirely; but he was thankful to say that he still retained full vision in one eye, though the other was dark forever. The sparing manner in which he meted out particulars of his condition told Barbara how grievous had been his experience. He was grateful for her assurance that nothing could change her, but feared she did not fully realize that he was so sadly disfigured as to make it doubtful if she would recognize him. However, in spite of all, his heart was as true to her as it ever had been.

“Barbara saw from his anxiety how much lay behind. She replied that she submitted to the decrees of Fate, and would welcome him in any shape as soon as he could come. She told him of the pretty retreat in which she had taken up her abode pending their joint occupation of it, and did not reveal how much she had sighed over the information that all his good looks were gone. Still less did she say that she felt a certain strangeness in awaiting him, the few weeks they had lived together having been so short by comparison with the length of his absence.

“Thus drew on the time when Willowes found himself well enough to come home. He landed at Southampton, and posted thence toward Yewsholt. Barbara arranged to go out to meet him as far as Lornton Inn, the spot between the Forest and the Chase at which he had waited for night on the evening of their elopement. Thither she drove at the appointed hour in a little pony-chaise presented her by her father on her birthday for her especial use in her new house; which vehicle she sent back again on arriving at the inn, the plan agreed upon being that she should perform the return journey with her husband in his hired coach.

“There was not much accommodation for a lady at this way-side tavern; but, as it was a fine evening in early summer, she did not mind—walking about outside, and straining her eyes along the highway for the expected one. But each cloud of dust that enlarged in the distance and drew near was found to disclose a conveyance other than his post-chaise. Barbara remained till the appointment was two hours passed, and then began to fear that, owing to an adverse wind in the Channel, he was not coming that night.

“While waiting, she was conscious of a curious trepidation that was not entirely solicitude, and did not amount to dread; her tense state of incertitude bordered both on disappointment and on relief. She had lived six or seven weeks with an imperfectly educated yet handsome husband, whom now she had not seen for sixteen months, and who was so changed physically by an accident that she was assured she would hardly know him. Can we wonder at her compound state of mind?

“But her immediate difficulty was to get away from Lornton Inn, for her situation was becoming embarrassing. Like too many of Barbara's actions, this drive had been undertaken without much reflection. Expecting to wait no more than a few minutes for her husband in his post-chaise, and to enter it with him, she had not hesitated to isolate herself by sending back her own little vehicle. She now found that, being so well known in this neighborhood, her excursion to meet her long-absent husband was exciting great interest. She was conscious that more eyes were watching her from the inn windows than met her own gaze. Barbara had decided to get home by hiring whatever kind of conveyance the tavern afforded, when, straining her eyes for the last time over the now darkening highway, she perceived yet another dust cloud drawing near. She paused. A chariot ascended to the inn, and would have passed had not its occupant caught sight of her standing expectantly. The horses were checked on the instant.

“'You here—and alone, my dear Mrs. Willowes?” said Lord Uplandtowers, whose carriage it was.

“She explained what had brought her into this lonely situation; and, as he was going in the direction of her own home, she accepted his offer of a seat beside him. Their conversation was embarrassed and fragmentary at first; but when they had driven a mile or two she was surprised to find herself talking earnestly and warmly to him. Her impulsiveness was, in truth, but the natural consequence of her late existence—a somewhat desolate one by reason of the strange marriage she had made; and there is no more indiscreet mood than that of a woman surprised into talk who has long been imposing upon herself a policy of reserve. Therefore her ingenuous heart rose with a bound into her throat when, in response to his leading questions, or rather hints, she allowed her troubles to leak out of her. Lord Uplandtowers took her quite to her own door, although he had driven three miles out of his way to do so; and in handing her down, she heard from him a whisper of stern reproach: 'It need not have been thus if you had listened to me.'

“She made no reply, and went in-doors. There, as the evening wore away, she regretted more and more that she had been so friendly with Lord Uplandtowers. But he had launched himself upon her so unexpectedly; if she had only foreseen the meeting with him, what a careful line of conduct she would have marked out! Barbara broke into a perspiration of disquiet when she thought of her unreserve, and, in self-chastisement, resolved to sit up till midnight on the bare chance of Edmond's return, directing that supper should be laid for him, improbable as his arrival till the morrow was.

“The hours went past, and there was dead silence in and roundabout Yewsholt Lodge, except for the soughing of the trees; till, when it was near upon midnight, she heard the noise of hoofs and wheels approaching the door. Knowing that it could only be her husband, Barbara instantly went into the hall to meet him. Yet she stood there not without a sensation of faintness, so many were the changes since their parting. And, owing to her casual encounter with Lord Uplandtowers, his voice and image still remained with her, excluding Edmond, her husband, from the inner circle of her impressions.

“But she went to the door, and the next moment a figure stepped inside, of which she knew the outline, but little besides. Her husband was attired in a flapping black cloak and slouched hat, appearing altogether as a foreigner, and not as the young English burgess who had left her side. When he came forward into the light of the lamp, she perceived with surprise, and almost with fright, that he wore a mask. At first she had not noticed this, there being nothing in its color which would lead a casual observer to think he was looking on anything but a real countenance.

“He must have seen her start of dismay at the unexpectedness of his appearance, for he said, hastily: 'I did not mean to come in to you like this. I thought you would have been in bed. How good you are, dear Barbara!' He put his arm round her, but he did not attempt to kiss her.

“'Oh, Edmond!—it *is* you? It must be!' she said, with clasped hands, for, though his figure and movement were almost enough to prove it, and the tones were not unlike the old tones, the enunciation was so altered as to seem that of a stranger.

“'I am covered like this to hide myself from the curious eyes of the inn servants and others,' he said, in a low voice. 'I will send back the carriage and join you in a moment.'

“'You are quite alone?'

“'Quite. My companion stopped at Southampton.'

“The wheels of the post-chaise rolled away as she entered the dining-room, where the supper was spread, and presently he rejoined her there. He had removed his cloak and hat, but the mask was still retained; and she could now see that it was of special make, of some flexible material like silk, colored so as to represent flesh; it joined naturally to the front hair, and was otherwise cleverly executed.

"'Barbara, you look ill,' he said, removing his glove and taking her hand.

"'Yes, I have been ill,' said she.

"'Is this pretty little house ours?'

"'Oh—yes!' She was hardly conscious of her words, for the hand he had ungloved in order to take hers was contorted, and had one or two of its fingers missing, while through the mask she discerned the twinkle of one eye only.

"'I would give anything to kiss you, dearest, now, at this moment,' he continued, with mournful passionateness. 'But I cannot—in this guise. The servants are abed, I suppose?'

"'Yes,' said she. 'But I can call them. You will have some supper?'

"He said he would have some, but that it was not necessary to call anybody at that hour. Thereupon they approached the table, and sat down, facing each other.

"Despite Barbara's scared state of mind, it was forced upon her notice that her husband trembled, as if he feared the impression he was producing, or was about to produce, as much as or more than she. He drew nearer, and took her hand again.

"'I had this mask made at Venice,' he began, in evident embarrassment. 'My darling Barbara—my dearest wife—do you think you—will mind when I take it off? You will not dislike me, will you?'

"'Oh, Edmond, of course I shall not mind,' said she. 'What has happened to you is our misfortune; but I am prepared for it.'

"'Are you sure you are prepared?'

"'Oh yes! You are my husband.'

"'You really feel quite confident that nothing external can affect you?' he said again, in a voice rendered uncertain by his agitation.

"'I think I am—quite,' she answered, faintly.

"He bent his head. 'I hope—I hope you are,' he whispered.

"In the pause which followed, the ticking of the clock in the hall seemed to grow loud; and he turned a little aside to remove the mask. She breathlessly awaited the operation, which was one of some tediousness, watching him one moment, averting her face the next; and when it was done she shut her eyes at the hideous spectacle that was revealed. A quick spasm of horror had passed through her; but though she quailed, she forced herself to regard him anew, repressing the cry that would naturally have escaped from her parted lips. Unable to look at him longer, Barbara sank down on the floor beside his knees, covering her eyes.

"'You cannot look at me,' he groaned, in a hopeless way. 'I am too terrible an object even for you to bear! I knew it; yet I hoped against it. Oh, this is a bitter fate! Curse the skill of those Venetian surgeons who saved me alive!....Look up, Barbara,' he continued, beseechingly; 'view me completely; say you loathe me, if you do loathe me, and settle the case between us forever!'

His unhappy wife pulled herself together for a desperate strain. He was her Edmond; he had done her no wrong; he had suffered. An impulsive devotion to him helped her, and lifting her eyes as bidden she regarded this human fragment a second time. But the sight was too much. She again involuntarily looked aside and shuddered.

"'Do you think you can get used to this?' he said. 'Yes or no. Can you bear such a thing of the charnel-house near you? Judge for yourself, Barbara. Your Apollo, your matchless man, has come to this.'

"The poor lady stood beside him motionless, save for the restlessness of her eyes. All her natural sentiments of affection and pity were driven clean out of her by a sort of panic; she had just the same sense of dismay and fearfulness that she would have had in the presence of an apparition. She could nohow realize this to be her chosen one—the man she had loved; he was metamorphosed to a specimen of another species. 'I do not loathe you,' she said, with trembling. 'But I am so horrified—so overcome. Let me recover myself. Will you sup now? And while you do so may I go to my room to —regain my old feeling for you? I will try, if I may leave you awhile? Yes, I will try.'

"Without waiting for an answer from him, and keeping her gaze carefully averted, the frightened woman crept to the door and out of the room. She heard him sit down to the table as if to begin supper, though, Heaven knows, his appetite was slight enough after a reception which had confirmed his worst surmises. When Barbara had ascended the stairs and arrived in her chamber, she sank down and buried her face in the coverlet of the bed.

"Thus she remained for some time. The bedchamber was over the dining-room, and presently, as she knelt, Barbara heard Willowes thrust back his chair, and rise to go into the hall. In five minutes the figure would probably come up stairs and confront her again; it—this other terrible form, that was not her husband's. In the loneliness of this night, with neither maid nor friend beside her, she lost all self-control, and at the first sound of his footstep on the stairs, without so much as flinging a cloak round her, she flew from the room, ran along the gallery to the back staircase, which she descended, and, unlocking the back door, let herself out. She scarcely was aware what she had done till she found herself in the greenhouse, crouching on a flower stand.

"Here she remained, her great timid eyes strained through the glass upon the garden without, and her skirts gathered up, in fear of the field-mice which sometimes came there. Every moment she dreaded to hear footsteps which she ought by law to have longed for, and a voice that should have been as music to her soul. But Edmond Willowes came not that way. The nights were getting short at this season, and soon the dawn appeared, and the first rays of the sun. By daylight she had less fear than in the dark. She thought she could meet him, and accustom herself to the spectacle.

"So the much-tired young woman unfastened the door of the greenhouse, and went back by the way she had emerged a few hours ago. Her husband was probably in bed and asleep, his journey having been long, and she made as little noise as possible in her entry. The house was just as she had left it, and she looked about in the hall for his cloak and hat, but she could not see them; nor did she perceive the small trunk which had been all that he brought with him, his heavier baggage having been left at Southampton for the road wagon. She summoned courage to mount the stairs. The bedroom door was open as she had left it; she fearfully peeped round; the bed had not been pressed. Perhaps he had lain down on the dining-room sofa. She descended and entered; he was not there. On the table, beside his unsoiled plate, lay a note, hastily written on the leaf of a pocket-book:

"'MY EVER-BELOVED WIFE,—The effect that my repulsive appearance has produced upon you was one which I foresaw as quite possible. I hoped against it, but foolishly so. I was aware that no human love could survive such a catastrophe. I confess I thought yours divine; but after so long an absence, there could not be left sufficient warmth to overcome the too natural first aversion. It was an experiment, and it has failed. I do not blame you; perhaps, even, it is better so. Good-by. I leave England for one year. You will see me again at the expiration of that time if I live. Then I will ascertain your true feeling; and, if it be against me, go away forever. E. W.'

"On recovering from her surprise, Barbara's remorse was such that she felt herself absolutely unforgivable. She should have regarded him as an afflicted being, and not have been this slave to mere eyesight, like a child. To follow him and entreat him to return was her first thought. But on making inquiries she found that nobody had seen him; he had silently disappeared.

"More than this, to undo the scene of last night was impossible. Her terror had been too plain, and he was a man not likely to be coaxed back by her efforts to do her duty. She went and confessed to her parents all that had occurred; which, indeed, soon became known to more persons than those of her own family.

"The year passed, and he did not return, and she doubted if he were alive. Barbara's contrition for her unconquerable repugnance was now such that she longed to build a church aisle or erect a monument, and devote herself to deeds of charity for the remainder of her days. She made inquiry to that end of the excellent parson under whom she sat on Sundays, at a vertical distance of twenty feet. But he could only adjust his wig and tap his snuff-box, for such was the lukewarm state of religion in those days that not an aisle, steeple, porch, east window, Ten Commandment board, lion-and-unicorn, or brass candlestick was required anywhere at all in the neighborhood as a votive offering from a distracted soul—the last century contrasting greatly in this respect with the happy times in which we live, when urgent appeals for contributions to such objects pour in by every morning's post, and nearly all churches have been made to look like new pennies. As the poor lady could not ease her conscience this way, she determined at least to be charitable, and soon had the satisfaction of finding her porch thronged every morning by the raggedest, idlest, most drunken, hypocritical, and worthless tramps in Christendom.

"But human hearts are as prone to change as the leaves of the creeper on the wall, and in the course of time, hearing nothing of her husband, Barbara could sit unmoved whilst her mother and friends said in her hearing, 'Well, what has happened is for the best.' She began to think so herself, for even now she could not summon up that mutilated form without a shiver, though whenever her mind flew back to her early wedded days, and the man who had stood beside her then, a thrill of tenderness moved her, which, if quickened by his living presence, might have become strong. She was young and inexperienced, and had hardly on his late return grown out of the capricious fancies of girlhood.

"But he did not come again, and when she thought of his word that he would return once more if living, and how unlikely he was to break his word, she gave him up for dead. So did her parents; so also did another person—that man of silence, of irresistible incisiveness, of still countenance—who was as awake as seven sentinels when he seemed to be as sound asleep as the figures on his family monument. Lord Uplandtowers, though not yet thirty, had chuckled like a caustic fogy of threescore when he heard of Barbara's terror and flight at her husband's return, and of the latter's prompt departure. He felt pretty sure, however, that Willowes, despite his hurt feelings, would have reappeared to claim his bright-eyed property if he had been alive at the end of the twelve months.

"As there was no husband to live with her, Barbara had relinquished the house prepared for them by her father, and taken up the abode anew at Chene Manor, as in the days of her girlhood. By degrees the episode with Edmond Willowes seemed but a fevered dream, and as the months grew to years Lord Uplandtowers' friendship with the people at Chene—which had somewhat cooled after Barbara's elopement—revived considerably, and he again became a frequent visitor there. He could not make the most trivial alteration or improvement at Knollingwood Hall, where he lived, without riding off to consult Sir John at Chene; and thus, putting himself frequently under her eyes, Barbara grew accustomed to him, and talked to him as freely as to a brother. She even began to look up to him as a person of authority, judgment, and prudence, and though his severity on the bench toward poachers, smugglers, and turnip stealers was a matter of common notoriety, she trusted that much of what was said might be misrepresentation.

"Thus they lived on till her husband's absence had stretched to years, and there could be no longer any doubt of his death. A passionless manner of renewing his addresses seemed no longer out of place in Lord Uplandtowers. Barbara did not love him; but hers was essentially one of those sweet-pea or withwind natures which require a twig of stouter fibre than its own to hang upon and bloom. Now, too, she was older, and admitted to herself that a man whose ancestor had run scores of Saracens through and through in fighting for the site of the Holy Sepulchre was a more desirable husband, abstractly considered, than one who could only claim with certainty to know that his father and grandfather were respectable burgesses.

"Sir John took occasion to inform her that she might legally consider herself a widow; and, in brief, Lord Uplandtowers carried his point with her, and she married him, though he could never get her to own that she loved him as she had loved Willowes. In my childhood I knew an old lady whose mother saw the wedding, and she said that when Lord and Lady Uplandtowers drove away from her father's house in the evening it was in a coach and four, and that my lady was dressed in green and silver, and wore the gayest hat and feather that ever was seen; though whether it was that the green did not suit her complexion, or otherwise, the Countess looked pale and the reverse of blooming. After their marriage her husband took her to London, and she saw the gayeties of a season there. Then they returned to Knollingwood Hall, and thus a year passed away.

"Before their marriage her husband had seemed to care but little about her inability to love him passionately. 'Only let me win you,' he had said, 'and I will submit to all that.' But now her lack of warmth seemed to irritate him, and he conducted himself toward her with a resentfulness which led to her passing many hours with him in painful silence. The heir-presumptive to the title was a remote relative, whom Lord Uplandtowers did not exclude from the dislike he entertained toward many persons and things besides, and he had set his mind upon a lineal successor. He blamed her much that there was no promise of this.

"On a particular day in her gloomy life a letter, addressed to her as Mrs. Willowes, reached Lady Uplandtowers from an unexpected quarter. A sculptor in Pisa, knowing nothing of her second marriage, informed her that the long-delayed life-size statue of Mr. Willowes, which, when her husband left that city, he had been directed to retain till it was sent for, was still in his studio. As his commission had not wholly been paid, and the statue was taking up room he could ill spare, he should be glad to have the debt cleared off and directions where to forward the figure. Arriving at a time when the Countess was beginning to have little secrets (of a harmless kind, it is true) from her husband, by reason of their growing estrangement, she replied to this letter without saying a word to Lord Uplandtowers, sending off the balance that was owing to the sculptor, and telling him to despatch the statue to her without delay.

"It was some weeks before it arrived at Knollingwood Hall, and, by a singular coincidence, during the interval she received the first absolutely conclusive tidings of her Edmond's death. It had taken place years before in a foreign land, about six months after their parting, and had been induced by the sufferings he had already undergone, coupled with much depression of spirit, which had caused him to succumb to a slight ailment. The news was sent her in a brief and formal letter from some relative of Willowes's in another part of England.

"Her grief took the form of gentle pity for his misfortunes, and of reproach to herself for never having been able to conquer her aversion to his latter image by recollection of what nature had originally made him. The sad spectacle that had gone from earth had never been her Edmond at all to her. O that she could have met him as he was at first! Thus Barbara thought. It was only a few days later that a wagon and two horses, containing an immense packing case, was seen at breakfast-time both by Barbara and her husband to drive round to the back of the house, and by-and-by they were informed that a case labelled 'Sculpture' had arrived for her ladyship.

"'What can that be?' said Lord Uplandtowers.

"'It is the statue of poor Edmond, which belongs to me, but has never been sent till now,' she answered.

"'Where are you going to put it?' asked he.

"'I have not decided,' said the Countess. 'Anywhere, so that it will not annoy you.'

"'Oh, it won't annoy me,' says he.

"When it had been unpacked in a back room of the house they went to examine it. The statue was a full-length figure, in the purest Carrara marble, representing Edmond Willowes in all his original beauty, as he had stood at parting from her when about to set out on his travels—a specimen of manhood almost perfect in every line and contour. The work had been carried out with absolute fidelity.

"'Phœbus-Apollo, sure," said the Earl of Uplandtowers, who had never seen Willowes, real or represented, till now.

"Barbara did not hear him. She was standing in a sort of trance before the first husband as if she had no consciousness of the other husband at her side. The mutilated features of Willowes had disappeared from her mind's eye; this perfect being was really the man she had loved, and not that other pitiable figure, in whom love and truth should have seen this image always, but had not done so.

"It was not till Lord Uplandtowers said, roughly, 'Are you going to stay here all the morning worshipping him?' that she roused herself.

"Her husband had not till now the least suspicion that Edmond Willowes originally looked thus, and he thought how deep would have been his jealousy years ago if Willowes had been known to him. Returning to the Hall in the afternoon he found his wife in the gallery, whither the statue had been brought.

"She was lost in reverie before it, just as in the morning.

"'What are you doing?' he asked.

"She started and turned. 'I am looking at my husb—my statue, to see if it is well done,' she said. 'Why should I not?'

"'There's no reason why,' he said. 'What are you going to do with the monstrous thing? It can't stand here forever.'

"'I don't wish it,' she said. 'I'll find a place.'

"In her boudoir there was a deep recess, and while the Earl was absent from home for a few days in the following week, she hired joiners from the village, who under her directions enclosed the recess with a panelled door. Into the tabernacle thus formed she had the statue placed, fastening the door with a lock, the key of which she kept in her pocket.

"When her husband returned he missed the statue from the gallery, and, concluding that it had been put away out of deference to his feelings, made no remark. Yet at moments he noticed something on his lady's face which he had never noticed there before. He could not construe it; it was a sort of silent ecstasy, a reserved beatification. What had become of the statue he could not divine, and growing more and more curious, looked about here and there for it till, thinking of her private room, he went toward that spot. After knocking, he heard the shutting of a door and the click of a key; but when he entered, his wife was sitting at work, on what was in those days called knotting. Lord Uplandtowers's eye fell upon the newly painted door where the recess had formerly been.

"'You have been carpentring in my absence, then, Barbara,' he said, carelessly.

"'Yes, Uplandtowers.'

"'Why did you go putting up such a tasteless enclosure as that, spoiling the handsome arch of the alcove?'

"'I wanted more closet-room, and I thought that as this was my own apartment—'

"'Of course,' he returned. Lord Uplandtowers knew now where the statue of young Willowes was.

"One night, or rather in the smallest hours of the morning, he missed the Countess from his side. Not being a man of nervous imaginings, he fell asleep again before he had much considered the matter, and the next morning had forgotten the incident. But a few nights later the same circumstance occurred. This time he fully roused himself; but before he had moved to search for her, she entered the chamber in her dressing-gown, carrying a candle, which she extinguished as she approached, deeming him asleep. He could discover from her breathing that she was strangely moved; but not on this occasion either did he reveal that he had seen her. Presently, when she had lain down, affecting to wake, he asked her some trivial questions. 'Yes, *Edmond*,' she replied, absently.

"Lord Uplandtowers became convinced that she was in the habit of leaving the chamber in this queer way more frequently than he had observed, and he determined to watch. The next midnight he feigned deep sleep, and shortly after perceived her stealthily rise and let herself out of the room in the dark. He slipped on some clothing, and followed. At the further end of the corridor, where the clash of flint and steel would be out of the hearing of one in the bedchamber, she struck